

# Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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APRIL, 1919

NUMBER 4



## ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA is established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of whose objects is to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

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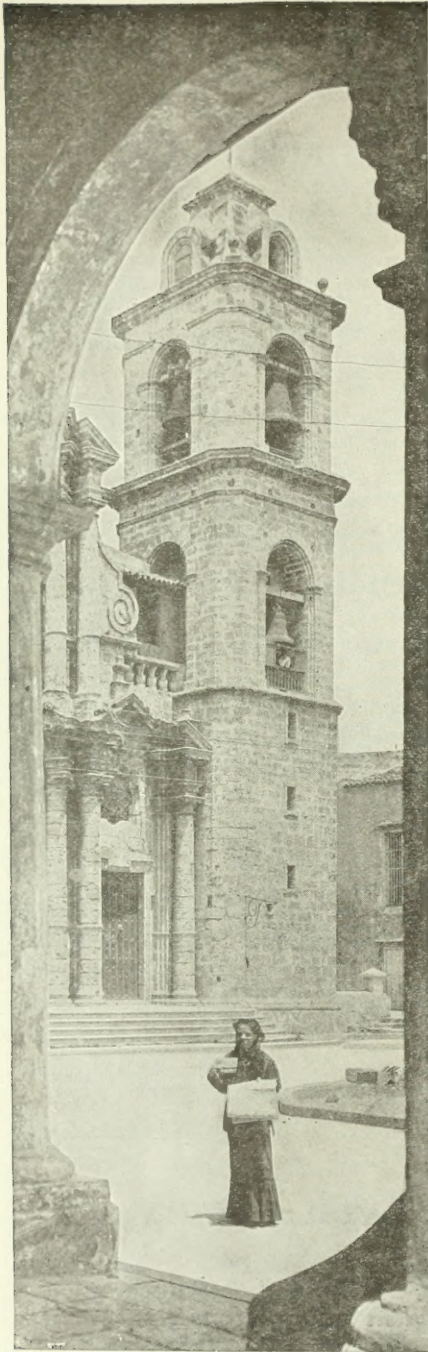
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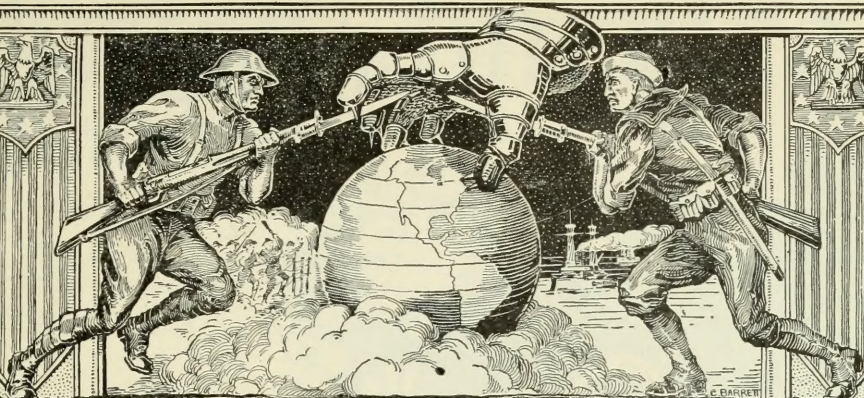
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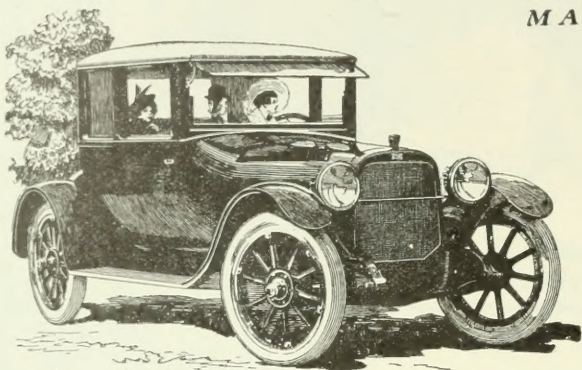
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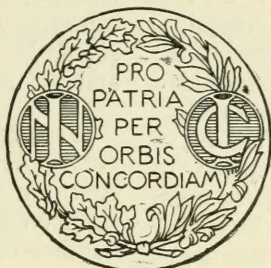
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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

VÍCTOR ANDRÉS BELAÚNDE is a Peruvian lawyer who was born in Arequipa; he is a professor of political law and of the history of philosophy in the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, in Lima; he founded, and is the director of, *Mercurio Peruano*, of Lima; recently appointed minister of Perú to Uruguay, he has just entered upon the discharge of his duties; he is the author of *El Perú antiguo y los modernos sociólogos*; *Historia de los mitos amazónicos*; *Nuestra cuestión con Chile*; and of many newspaper and review articles.

LUIS MARÍA DRAGO, an Argentine juriconsult and statesman, was born in Buenos Aires in 1859; he has served as counselor to the court of appeals, attorney general of the metropolis of the Plata and professor of civil law in the Universidad de Buenos Aires; in 1902 he was appointed minister of foreign relations, and later he discharged important diplomatic missions; he acquired fame as the upholder of the "Drago doctrine," that is, that no European power may collect by force of arms debts owed its citizens by the American republics; among his works may be mentioned: *Ensayo de antropología criminal*, translated into Italian, with a prologue by Cesare Lombroso, and *El empleo de las fuerzas para recobrar las deudas del estado*.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, an Argentine poet and man of letters, was born in Córdoba, June 13, 1874; he is the author of: in verse, *Las montañas del oro*; *Los crepúsculos del jardín*; *Lunario sentimental*; *Odas seculares*; *El libro fiel*; in prose, *La reforma educacional*; *El imperio jesuítico*; *La guerra gaucha*; *Las fuerzas extrañas*; *Piedras li-*

*minares*; *Prometeo*; *Didáctica*; *Historia de Sarmiento*; *Elogio de Ameghino*; *El ejército de la Iliada*; *El payador* (first volume) and *Mi beligerancia*.

JOAQUÍN V. GONZÁLEZ is a contemporary Argentine juriconsult, statesman, educator and man of letters, and an authority on public law; he has served in a number of public capacities, both in the province of La Rioja and in the capital of the republic, his most conspicuous recent services being rendered as a senator of the nation and as president of the Universidad Nacional de la Plata; he is the author of many juridical, political, educational and literary works.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS, who has written much under the pseudonym of *Jack the Ripper*, is an Ecuadorian journalist, man of letters and humorist; he is the director of the official newspaper *El Telégrafo*, of Guayaquil; see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, biographical data, page 258.

RICARDO ROJAS: See INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918, biographical data, page 66.

GONZALO PARÍS is a young Colombian journalist and man of letters who writes for such important dailies as *El Liberal* and *El Nuevo Tiempo*, of Bogotá; he is the author of many articles on politics, literature and sociology.

AUGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ was born in the city of Mendoza, Argentina, July 15, 1857, and he died in Mar del Plata, February 15, 1914; see INTER-AMERICA for August, 1918, page 342.



# DON QUIJOTE AND SANCHO IN AMERICA

BY

CARMELO M. BONET

Don Quijote and Sancho Panza, immortal symbols, inexhaustibly fruitful themes for study, for analysis and for moralizings, appear again in the following discourse: don Quijote, as the incarnation of the spirit that glorified Spain, sent the conquerors forth upon their vast enterprises in the New World, exalted them in the hour of danger and want, impelled them sometimes to intestine and self-destructive strife and not infrequently militated against their permanent and prosperous establishment and development in America; Sancho Panza, the timid, unimaginative, practical stay-at-home, toiling in his shop or upon his exhausted fields in familiar Spain, while the knights of adventure were creating empire beyond the ocean, awakes at last, when roads have been opened, clearings made and some degree of safety offered, and he follows don Quijote, whom he has abandoned too long, and, by adding his solid and wholesome qualities, he contributes to the rounding out of the Spanish-American character and to the colonization and development of the new lands.—THE EDITOR.

THE New World was the offspring of the Latin genius, and the Latin blood was the first to baptize the American soil with civilization.

Being the Latins we are, it is not out of place to recall, on every favorable occasion, the brilliant deeds achieved by our ancestors, in order thus to offset, by the testimony of history, a certain belief that is current regarding the ethnical superiority of the blond peoples of Europe.

Since then my oration is to be decidedly Latin, how I need, before embarking upon so difficult an enterprise, the protection of the eminent geniuses of the old Roman stock, to fertilize yet even more, with their perennial sap, the now rich Cervantist syllabary.

In general, therefore, I do no more than appeal to a custom frequent among the bards of the venerable ages, who, in the opening verses of their songs vexed the privacy of their pagan gods. I, orphaned of gods who might protect me, adjure the princes of the Latin speech.

Of Julius Cæsar I have besought his smooth and simple style, "beautiful as a lovely body without clothing;" of Sallust, his lean and sinewy verse; of Cicero, the overflowing plenitude of his harmonious periods; of Titus Livius, the "milky" softness of his eloquence; and of thee, good Horace, who didst inherit from Pindar his abounding lyricism, I entreat ecstasy for the hymn and courage for the trumpet

blast. I supplicate, finally, the singer of Ceres and of Mars to give me his friendly hand when I come to the epic passages of my oration. I speak with thee, O Virgil. Let not my audacity surprise thee: I could wish to climb the slope that leads upward to thy summit. My genius is of the lowest, I know, but my subject is so rich!

In truth, I tell thee, O gentle Virgil, that thy Æneas may not be compared with mine, nor thy heroes with my heroes, nor thy feats with my feats. What, tell me, did the son of Venus and Anchises do, comparable to the peerless achievement of Columbus? The Trojan hero laid a route toward lands of unquestioned existence and he plowed with his vessels the waters of the diminutive Pontus Ægeus, known to sailors. My hero, on the other hand, set his prow toward lands only dreamed of and he broke fearful and virgin seas in his fabulous pilgrimage along the way to the infinite. Æneas was the plaything of celestial purposes: in moments of danger there was for him a sheltering ægis; and in the hours of hesitation, an Olympian mandate marked for him the steady north. My hero had no relations with the garrulous inhabitants of Olympus; naught defended him from the weakness of his human plight; and in the instant of doubt, he could depend upon no other compass than the divine blindness of the divine Quixotism. Quixotism is a fruitful madness, the author of men's bravest deeds.



In the republic of humanity, the Quijotes are those who open every breach where life is risked. The Sanchos, naturally faint-hearted and conservative, follow behind and confine themselves to keeping that breach open and in order. Sanchism and Quixotism are two forces that ought to balance each other. Societies advance steadily as long as this equilibrium is undisturbed. If, however, this equilibrium is disturbed—if, for example, Sanchism comes to dominate, as occurred perhaps in Phenecia and Carthage—peoples dissolve in time, without leaving in history more than an indefinite and blotted page; but if Quixotism is the element that prevails, as happened, it seems, in Latin America, peoples exist in a tottering state, poor and insecure, and they do not leave in history more than a long chapter of sanguinary quarrels.

Quixotism has flourished in every epoch and in all climes. It may be said, however, that certain lands are singularly propitious for it. There stand, as a proof of this fact, the gray and arid steppes of La Mancha, which seem to have the virtue of spiritualizing men and things. Therefore were they the site of cities drowsing in dreams of religion and blood that raised toward the stars their Catholic belfries, their frowning turrets and their medieval battlements. It was the common land of tormented ascetics, of proud and hungry hidalgos, of mystics, adventurers and saints.

The discovery and the conquest of America were the exclusive work of the knight-errantry of Iberia. While the squires remained in the peninsula, tranquil as the water of a pool, trading without disturbance in their shops or cultivating their diminutive and exhausted farms or watching in repose the multiplication of their herds, Quixotry was stirring in the port of Palos, and with a soul thirsting for fame, for wealth and for power it took up position in the conquering caravels. Toward the open sea, with sails spread, filled and bellied by favorable winds, went their keels, leaving Columbian wakes, in the direction of the hallucinating Indies.

The Antilles were populated, step by step, with white men, lean and bearded.

From that time forward the indigenes, with timid surprise, saw appear amid the mists of the remote horizon ships that to them were of fantastic form and vast magnitude, which came gently approaching and which ended by emptying upon the open and unprotected beaches their cargo of men of striking appearance, who immediately went inland or rather along the coasts with the haughtiness of lords and an authoritative and unfraternal aspect.

It was the brotherhood of don Quijote that was arriving at the land of promise and adventures: Hispanicism—errant coming in search of unexpected wealth, fulminating power, sudden glory, with undertakings in which, if indeed all was risked, all might be obtained, and at a single throw, supreme and final. Obstinate, tenacious and systematic labor was not to the liking of those childish, impatient and rebellious spirits. Here you have the reason why, in beginning the conquest, they preferred to water the land with blood rather than to water it with the sweat of their brow!

That handful of adventurers, lost in the vastness of the new lands and waters, at once set on foot the most extraordinary military campaign witnessed by the ages.

The mind is startled by such daring, such audacity, such barbarity. What were the achievements of Alexander the Great or Julius Cæsar, the leaders of armies mighty and seasoned in the harsh vicissitudes of war, compared with those of Hernán Cortés when he penetrated to the very heart of the Aztec empire—of whose power and organization he was ignorant—and subjugated the hostile multitudes without other support than a ridiculous band of hardy rovers. Did history ever behold such audacity?

What too is to be said of Pizarro, that great unlettered genius who overthrew with the broadsword the mighty empire of Atahualpa? What of Almagro, his companion and rival in slaughter and in glory? What of that Orellana who descended, as if to do so were a mere bagatelle, from Upper Perú<sup>1</sup> by deflowering with the keel of his boat the opulent and mysterious virginity of the Amazon? What

<sup>1</sup>Alto Perú, the Bolivia of to-day.—THE EDITOR.



of so many captains who proved in epic combats the strength of their brawny arms and the temper of their Toledan blades?

In the south, the native peoples were less dense, but they were fiercer. Fiercer? Bah! Who used the word fear?

The lateen sails advanced like swans, gliding gallantly and serenely upstream along the Plata and the Paraná, pointed toward the unknown, between banks where the Indian lurked suspicious and hostile.

From the back country, from the north and the west, there approached the littoral processions of hidalgos who came planting along the road the germs of future cities. What unspeakable penury! On all sides the desert, which oppressed with its infinitude, and at every moment the danger of the savage horde that "massacred" without pity. Oh, those interminable nights, passed in the open country, big with mysterious noises, hours of nightmare that lived again in the fevered recollections of infancy, the grandmother's legends, within the warmth of the home, about enchantments, witches' sabbaths, phantasms and lights in the cemeteries! Can the Indians be hatching some dangerous devilry? If so, perhaps then hands must not be taken from the hilt of the sword.

By day the sun toned up their minds, and the tiny Spanish host engaged in savage strife with a certain warlike voluptuousness. By the Eternal! What pleasure our señor don Quijote would have taken in clipping off the heads of bronze highwaymen!

Meanwhile, there, in the maternal and distant Iberia, Sancho Panza, with his skin safe, continued trading in his shops or tilling the fields or watching the multiplication of his herds.

Much innocent blood flowed. Frightful sacrifices were involved in the conquest of America. Let us not be precipitate in our judgment, however. Rather let us consider that it was an affair of a war of conquest and that no people, either now or ever, has conquered by persuasion and polite manners. Nor is it proper that we play the preacher, under the guise of lyrical idealogies, against wars of conquest, for they were

imposed by the very nature of things. The history of humanity is the history of the superimposition of certain peoples over others. Thanks to this superimposition, backward peoples succumb or fuse with the superior races, and humanity advances, fired by the hegemonic peoples that serve as its vanguard. All this is the result of fate, and it is beneficial and not contrary to proper sentiments and absolute morality. Why lament then, in the name of a false Americanism, the eclipses of the primitive races, if we know that those races could not adapt themselves to the rhythm of the more highly developed civilizations. Nevertheless, we say to ourselves that there was no need to carry rigor to an extreme, as the Spanish conquerors did with excessive frequency; and we fall into an irritating partiality, because we forget other conquerors, who were not Spaniards and who "cleaned up" Oceania—in addition to certain continental territories—by devoting themselves to the "hunt for man."

Besides, we judge by a contemporary criterion—fruit in part of the neohumanistic philosophy of the eighteenth century—and from the warm comfort of our work cabinet.

As intuitive psychologists, the conquerors knew that by sowing terror they harvested a superstitious respect among the common people. Aside from this recourse, perhaps they might not have found a better method to aid them in subjugating with their insignificant number such vast multitudes of people.

Let us bear in mind, on the other hand, the idiosyncrasies of those conquerors: they were, above everything, knights-errant and, as such, their bosoms were full of rebelliousness. Civil commands and the requirements of the written law had pressed heavily upon them. Therefore, in the presence of the large liberty of America, they felt freer than ever before, and they rejoiced in the remoteness of the law. They used it to impose one of their own, the rude law of the sword, the only law that the confrères of don Quijote could recognize as valid.

The years passed. The Indians ended by yielding obedience to the new masters



of the soil. At last a breath of Christian peace was to sweep the length of redeemed America, drying tears and stanching wounds. Behold, however, the struggle is renewed, assuming unexpected forms. It is not the conquerors and the aborigines who are fighting, but the conquerors among themselves.

What is happening? What is it that plunges this people into intestine strife to the extent of causing it to forget the common danger from the Indians, submissive yet, but still boiling with longings for revenge? It is the Spanish intolerance, the Quixotic intolerance, that is breaking out in all the conquered territories.

Oh, the intolerance of Quixotism! "You are dead, sir, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso surpasses in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia!" Those brave hidalgos did not understand, did not tolerate, each other, did not admit rivals that might cast them in the shadow; and therefore they tore each other to pieces "Cainlily," like wild beasts in heat that dispute with each other the possession of a female.

The chaotic and brutally martial period of the conquest was gradually succeeded by another based upon civil organization. Roads being opened and ways smoothed by the audacious precursors, there was established between the mother-country and her colonies an active circulation of blood. Some white woman ventured to cross—clearly in the toils of love—the so greatly feared Atlantic. A few Sanchos, the most sordid or the most portionless, closed out their unproductive business; they abandoned the lands too often stirred and now exhausted with so much yielding, or they drove their cattle to the landing or bore upon their shoulders the implements of civilization. They at once scented out the trail of the knights-errant: a trail that was to lead them to the Baratarias islands of the New World. They were the ants that followed the course indicated by the eagles. It was the pilgrimage of the laborious, the peaceful, the conservative.

Soon the houses built under the shadow of the primitive forts began to encroach more and more upon the spaces of the

waste lands. The untamed plain became dotted little by little with shops that were the small centers of attraction where the lost men fraternized in such numbers. In the open country, on the prairie pastures, the herds recently brought began to multiply in a biblically miraculous manner. Near "the houses" the plow started its work of breaking the hymen of the American soil, which for ages had lain beneath the sun as if awaiting voluptuously the fructifying caress.

By that time legions of knights-errant had scattered over Spanish America the seeds of Quixotism. From that seed sprang peoples with peculiar idiosyncrasies: peoples in whose souls were reproduced the lights and shadows of the paternal Quixotry. Thus as peoples they were haughty, frank, noble, turbulent, valiant, "flighty," wordy, disinclined to industrious or subaltern labors and lacking in that administrative capacity which is, perhaps, the source of all the Saxon greatness.

It is necessary to mention, however, that the Spanish hidalgo-soul did not reflect itself in an equally faithful manner in every part of Hispano America.

In México and in some regions of the Pacific, where existed the dense indigenous conglomerates through which the sword of the conqueror could hardly break, the Spaniards, as we know, were not above sharing the bridal chamber with the native women; for love does not recognize the barriers of race. From these unions sprang the *mestizo* type that continued to increase in proportion as the pure indigenous stock disappeared for lack of adaptability to the customs of European civilization. On their part, the mestizos, thanks to the constant additions of Aryan blood, continued, as they still continue, to "clarify" their bronze skin.

However, in those people fundamentally mestizos, the spirit of heroic Spain became somewhat obscured. The indolence, the apathy, the docility of the indigenes tempered the ebullient quality of the conquering blood. The inheritance from the aboriginal stock pressed down like a dead weight and retarded the upward evolution of these peoples, whose life



assumed a less submissive and a more nervous character in proportion as the blood of the successive crossings with Europeans became more and more refined.

On the other hand, in the regions of the Plata and its principal tributaries, the Hispano-heroic soul was manifested in all its fullness, because *mestization* there was of but slight importance. It might be said that the available land was too extensive to render necessary a mingling of the autochthonous tribes with the white settlers. There was room to spare for all. Mestizos were not lacking, it is true; but they were few, and those few quickly became lost in the sea of white people who lived together with them.

The gaucho people of the Argentine pampas and of the Uruguayan *cuchillas*<sup>2</sup> were a transplanted Arab-Spanish people, as is revealed by their somatic characteristics and the delicate tones of their spirit.

With their abundant and silky Nazarene beards, their intelligent eyes, fine features, ample foreheads and white skins—bronzed only in the parts of the body exposed to the inclemencies natural to outdoor life—and their jaunty Barbaresque-Andalusian air, they constituted a type that was worlds removed from the beardless Indian, with his coarse hair, narrow forehead, flat nose, projecting jaw, citron-colored skin and his aspect lacking in human majesty.

In spiritual traits, the gaucho people were equally the direct counterpart of the conquering knights-errant: a people without a drop of squirely blood, haughty, brave, daring, irascible, individualistic, erotic, songful, poetic, melancholy. How much then, in the same manner as the ancient hidalgos, would they despise servile labor and assume a lofty mien in the presence of the law's trammels? The gaucho always had an account to settle with the police, as don Quijote had with the Santa Hermandad. He preferred, like the Great Knight, to sleep in the open country, beneath the stars; and, like him, he had within him, along with the poet, the rebel

and the fighter. A good lyricist, he possessed neither the sensualism of the table—a few *mates*<sup>3</sup> and a rasher of broiled meat sufficed him—nor the gross sensualism of love. He felt, it is true, the soft delights of a woman's sentimental company and therefore he spent long evenings in pleasant idleness, during off hours on the ranch, in receiving the bitter-sweets bestowed upon him by the *china*,<sup>4</sup> almost always a magnificent little creole with black, liquid, appealing eyes, who carried herself with the switching air of an Andalusian, and who would be wearing a red carnation amid the thick tresses that fell over the percale of her recently pressed garment. In the meantime, the mustang, hitched at the palisade, bedecked with silver, champed the bit and nervously pawed the ground with his feet, pricking up his ears vigilantly at the slightest suspicious sound.

What more did the gaucho ask of life? He could count upon the fondness of an affectionate woman, upon the partnership of a steed ready for every hardship, upon sun, air, the open pampa and his guitar, the confidant of the profound loneliness of the wilds. Why concern himself with the affairs of the world? They belonged to the peoples who work because want drives them, and who give themselves to learning because they have no sun to make their blood drunk and draw them from their pensative retirement, but only clouds and cold to turn them coward in the tempered chambers where study is demanded as a necessary distraction.

Let it not be thought that Spanish *hidalguism* declared itself only in the men of the plain. City people also—and among them, of course, the most representative—acknowledged the same paternity. Countrymen, citizens and statesmen were therefore related by a common marrow: that of the Quixotism of the conquering race.

<sup>3</sup>A *mate* is literally the vessel—a gourd or cocoanut shell, or one made of wood, silver or gold—from which the *hierba* or Paraguayan tea is sucked through the metal *bornbilla* or tube; by extension, it means the decoction and then the *hierba* itself.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Applied, in South America, to the unmarried Indian or mestiza girl; also used among the common people as a term of endearment.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>*Cuchilla* is applied quite generally throughout the Spanish-American countries to a low sierra or ridge.—THE EDITOR.

This Quixotism, more or less undiluted, is manifest in all the deeds that furnished material for the history of the Plata, from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in all the men who walked its stage.

The repulse of the English invaders: what was it but an explosion of the knightly pride of the race? A gregarious, herding, *Sanchoist* people would have resigned itself to the imperious sway of arms. The revolution of May: was there ever a whiter revolution, one with fewer bastard ambitions, less craftiness, less sensuality? And all because it was a romantic, idealistic, Quijotesque revolution.

I see in some of the leaders of the Argentine revolution and of the subsequent campaigns for independence—blinded perhaps by an unconquerable sympathy with all that is meant by Quixotism—noble spirits imbued with the candor, ingenuousness and lyricism that were treasured in the heart of the child-man of La Mancha. Moreno, the head of the revolution, was a dreamer, a seer dreamer. In Belgrano, was incarnated the knight-errant, who, like don Quijote, did not take up the sword because of a sanguinary nature, but as an instrument of redemption. San Martín: who ever received so pure the heritage of Manchego? A crystalline soul, a generous man, a grand gentleman, an illustrious Quijote: if great for what he did, perhaps greater for what he was able unselfishly to renounce.

Unfortunately Quixotism suffered among us misdirections that reddened with blood an extended period of the history of the Plata. The Quijotesque individualism that ends in the exaltation and imposition of one's own personality—so different from the English individualism that creates units of men, but solidary units within the social synergy—that Spanish individualism, made up of intolerance, which, as has been seen, brought face to face as rivals the leaders in the first occurrences of the conquest, we behold reappear, centuries later, in the barbarous petty warfare—after the manner of Facundo<sup>5</sup>

and Juan Manuel<sup>6</sup>—which filled so many homes with mourning and the aftermath of which still persists in the grafters and bosses of the creole police.

Happily, during this anarchical period, not all disgraced the noble strain; for there were also those who shed their own blood and that of others in the same manner as the hero of Cervantes shed his, with visor raised and a soul swayed by a lofty aspiration. There they stand, among others: Lavalle,<sup>7</sup> he of the legendary courage; Paz,<sup>8</sup> the diabolical strategist of the good cause; La Madrid, the phenix soldier of seven score combats.

After Caseros,<sup>9</sup> the Argentine nation became civilly articulated. The Sanchesque column, which in the presence of the chaos of American life had hung back upon its native shores, now took up the march, and, ready for the labor of reconstruction, penetrated little by little into the regions ravaged by the barbarity of partisan warfare. The ranch houses, the haunt of creeping things, and, but shortly before, the refuge of the wild soldiery, gave place to decent dwellings, under the shelter of which the pioneers<sup>10</sup> of the abandoned campaign began to convert the juices of the earth into gold. Cities and towns shook off their sloth as if awaking from a narcotic lethargy. Then, every little while, chimneys sent forth their spirals of smoke, which slowly ascended, boring their way into space and indicating the direction that the human gaze ought to take.

They gathered and gathered—squirely, practical, positive men, who by means of untiring efforts began to acquire control of things material. They created interests, and upon this foundation of created interests a bourgeoisie was formed, and then, as a reflex, a conservative environ-

<sup>5</sup>Juan Manuel (Ortiz) de Rosas: see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 131, note.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>Juan Lavalle (1797-1841), an Argentine general who distinguished himself during the struggle for independence.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>José María Paz (1798-1854), an Argentine general who fought against Spain, in the movement for independence, and against Rosas, in the struggle for constitutional government.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>The battlefield where Rosas was finally defeated: see INTER-AMERICA for June 1918, page 311, note.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The hero of Sarmiento's book of the same name: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 313, note.—THE EDITOR.



ment that choked the germs of brigandage and of every convulsion that might affect the safety of those created interests. Thus the revolutions of the second half of the nineteenth century became every day more and more local and more remote in time.

Hail, Sancho!

The Spanish soul was incomplete in America, because thou, Sancho, hadst left don Quijote alone in the rude, adventurous enterprise of felling the virgin forest. Now, however, thou comest to complete it; now with a safe skin, by occupying the forest cut down by thy ancient master. Thou art rich; he is in need (good *hidalgo* that he was, he never knew how to amass the white metal). In this situation, I counsel thee, O Sancho, not to show thyself ungrateful and not to wound the pride of thy old master with the arrogance of thy wealth. It is better that thou shouldst not alter the equilibrium of thy life by emancipating thyself from the titular company of don Quijote. Since thou hast a reputation for looking after number one, I tell thee thou wilt be the gainer by such company. In truth, to enjoy a life of prosperity, the hard labor spent in tearing up the earth is not enough; but it is necessary to soar once in a while, and for soaring the blind impulse of the hero is required; and thou, Sancho—remember the fulling-mills—wast not born with precisely the leaven of the hero.

Little by little the news became diffused, even through the sequestered hamlets of the old continent, that there existed beyond the seas succulent and wide spreading lands, within the reach of all the toilers of the world. A most lively desire to emigrate sprang up in all the regions that groaned in poverty. The wharves were crowded with the sad, the wretched, the disinherited. They filled the belly of the fat leviathans, which began to spew them out upon the free, sun-clad shores. That was a fabulous transmigration. One world seemed to pour itself out upon another.

There has occurred in Argentina, as a consequence of these transigrations during the last decade, a radical metamor-

phosis: Buenos Aires, the "great village," has been converted in a few years into a gigantic city, into the maximum center of the Latin renaissance. The pampa has ceased to be a desert, in order to be dotted with trees and mills and to swarm with *haciendas* and wheat fields.

No longer are heard, as formerly, about the fireplace of the great kitchen of the *estancia*, either the local troubadour's counterpoint, or *tristes*<sup>11</sup> or *vidalitas*.<sup>12</sup> On the other hand, from time to time, the silence of the nightfall is broken by the sharp whistle of the threshing machine, lost within its mounds of straw and chaff, and now and then come the isolated notes of nostalgic Neapolitan *canzonettas*.

What happened to the national soul before such a wave of foreigners? Has the moment arrived for entoning a miserere over the primitive stock? No! There they are, still vigorous, those shoots of the ancient race! The pure lineage continues firm, and it perpetuates itself in the new generations by serving them as an ethnic platform. Observe what happens in the Argentine home: it preserves untouched, for better or for worse, its Catholic-Spanish tradition. See what occurs with our women: capable of loving, like Andalusians, even to tragedy, they are incapable, on account of an instinctive nausea, of prostituting the sacred mystery of their bodies. In our titular susceptibility, our roving instinct, our conception of honor and that marked tendency of our powerful classes—and even in those that possess no power—to play the gentleman, to swell with pride, by cultivating, for lack of other blazonry, the glory of the inherited surname, we see the ancient seed rejuvenated tirelessly.

This is the natural result of the abundant Spanish blood that still circulates in the

<sup>11</sup>The plural of *triste*, sad: lyrical compositions of a mystical tone, sung to the accompaniment of the guitar by the gauchos of Argentina: they are said to have been introduced by the Jesuits of Paraguay.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>Argentine indigenous songs, composed typically of hexasyllabic verses, not unlike the Peruvian *tristes* or the Ecuadorian *yaravies*, and of a sad and sentimental character: for discussion and specimens of music and verses, see *Historia de la literatura argentina*, by Ricardo Rojas, volume I, page 198 and following.—THE EDITOR.

veins of these peoples and also the consequence of the survival of the speech of the conquerors.

The spirit of the races is imminent in the languages. The soul of the Attic people, harmonious, voluble, filigreed, was all incarnate in their filigreed, fluent, harmonious language. The language of the Romans—hard, concentrated, laconic—was the transcript of a hard, concentrated, laconic race. All the sweetness of Italy is in the honey of her Romance speech. The Gallic spirit, so rich in Greek attributes, is alive in its language—airy, subtile, *nuancée*, logical and clear as crystal. Finally, in the Spanish speech, magniloquent, abundant in sonorities that seem like strokes of bronzes, and in amplitudes that remind one of the enormous Catholic cathedrals, and in sweetnesses as exquisite as Mauritanian *guzlas*,<sup>14</sup> are all the hyperbole of the race, its virile daring, its mysticisms, the pride of its heraldic devices and the flavor of Moorish sadness with which it was saturated by the Mussulman infiltration.

Indeed, language is not merely an ethereal product of the life of a race, a spiritual wake left by the departing generations, but also an agent, a subtile fluid that enters into the new generations and impregnates them with its chaste essence.

<sup>14</sup>An instrument of Oriental origin with four or six strings.—THE EDITOR.

Therefore as long as the syllabary of La Mancha shall not be reduced to silence by the cosmopolitan jargon, the names of don Quijote and Sancho will wander among us like familiar shades.

We shall continue to see the good Sancho, thrust in among the freed galley slaves, sly babblers, sordid inn-keepers and partners in squiredom, come from the four quarters of the earth, fighting like them for the offal and winning little by little the good things of life. We shall see also the offspring of such diverse peoples mingle and merge and generate a new people, rejuvenated by the tonic virtue of cross-breeding and destined by reason of their copious Latin ancestry to cause the glorious stock of the Mediterranean to reverdure upon the soil of America. Just as before the other Renaissance, the Roman world invigorated its softened marrow by means of harsh contact with the rude tribes of northern Europe, so in the new Latin renascence, there will not be lacking, as a condiment, the concentrated energy of the seed of the blond peoples.

While "the errant, municipal and dense populace" lives, with all its instincts, begetting, enjoying, thriving, the lord of sad hearts will watch solitary and feverish, and his long, lank figure will be for the Sanchist herd a ceaseless lesson in purity, disinterestedness and elevation of soul.





# CHILE'S TRIBUTE TO THE ALLIED NATIONS

## PARADES AND BANQUETS

When the news of the signing of the armistice reached the South American centers, it was hailed with profound and widespread rejoicings, of which those described in the following article are typical. Chile made evident her attitude by great rallies, parades, popular meetings and banquets. We present here a reportage of some of the festivities, reproducing the addresses of don Luis Barros Borgoño, the toastmaster at the great banquet given in the municipal theater of Santiago, and of the diplomatic representatives of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Brazil and Japan, the ambassador of the United States being prevented by illness from participating in the occasion. The addresses are expressive of the cordial relations that have existed between the official representatives of the allied nations and the Chilean government and people.—THE EDITOR.

**D**UE to the triumph of the allied arms and to the termination of the state of belligerency on the part of the peoples at war, Chile publicly expressed her profound and sincere love for the cause of justice and right as embodied in the allied nations.

In all the cities of Chile and especially in Santiago and Valparaíso, Iquique, Concepción and Antofagasta, these demonstrations acquired proportions seldom witnessed in our country, and they recalled such great events as the return of our troops after being victorious upon the fields of battle and the patriotic manifestations which were offered on exceptional occasions to the representatives of Ecuador and Brazil or the great public rallies in which the rights, liberties and prerogatives of the people were defended.

From the balconies of the building of *El Mercurio* in this capital, the ambassador of the United States, the diplomatic ministers of Great Britain, Belgium, France, Italy, Japan, Brazil, Bolivia and Uruguay, the respective personnels of the legations and some of the Chilean ministers of state viewed the enthusiastic parade of a hundred thousand citizens, who, bearing the flags of all the nations represented, marched, in token of their feelings of sympathy and attachment, at the head of innumerable bands of music that played the several national hymns, which were sung by that immense multitude, to the accompaniment of a frenzied waving of flags and hats.

What lent to the demonstration a more

beautiful and attractive character was the presence of thousands of Chilean ladies, which gave rise to stirring scenes that made the heart leap and brought tears to the eyes.

After the parade, a luncheon was served in the halls of *El Mercurio*, given in honor of the diplomats by the director of that daily, don Guillermo Pérez de Arce, who made it the occasion of a stirring address, which was answered in the name of the representatives of the allied nations by his excellency Mr. Shea, the ambassador of the United States.

If this was a great popular manifestation, great also was the banquet tendered the same diplomats by the society of Santiago in the Teatro Municipal on November 20.

Our principal theater had been decorated in a manner in keeping with the lofty moral significance of this testimonial to the nations victorious in the cause of right and justice.

The orchestra was occupied by the banqueters. Among them were to be found, in addition to the guests, representatives of the administration, of the senate and chamber of deputies, of the council of state and the courts of justice, of the army and navy, and of the principal industrial, commercial, scientific and literary institutions, as well as representatives of society, politics and finance. The boxes were occupied by the ladies of our society, and the other parts of the house by the different societies of the country and the student bodies.

The occasion was enlivened by a number of bands of music. When the hour for



the champagne arrived, señor don Luis Barros Borgoño, the present minister of foreign relations, spoke in honor of the occasion. In the absence of the ambassador of the United States, who was ill, his excellency, Monsieur Charmanne, the minister of Belgium, replied, amid great applause.

Then responded their excellencies the diplomatic ministers: M. Gilbert, of France; Sir Francis Stronge, of England; Signor Mocenigo, of Italy, senhor Cardoso de Oliveira, of Brazil; Mr. Tatzuke, of Japan.

We give below some of the speeches.

#### DON LUIS BARROS BORGOÑO

One morning in August, 1914, there was a solemn session of the parliament of a nation which, if indeed it could not boast of great military strength, possessed the invincible moral force imparted by an ideal of duty and a clear conception of national honor.

The whole people, in a single and unique sentiment of intense emotion and vigorous patriotism, shared with its representatives an atmosphere of immense concern and grave responsibility.

Among that country's free citizens who gave themselves up cheerfully as a sacrifice to their patria and the dignitaries of the nation who awaited with absolute certainty the cruel and shocking consequences that were about to be let loose upon that rich and prosperous land, appeared the genuine representative of that sovereignty, the head of the state, who, to his royal dignity, united the high character that won for him the boundless confidence, affection and sincere devotion of his people.

It was the king of Belgium, who, conscious of his tremendous responsibility and without hesitation, called the parliament together to express the resolve of Belgium not to compromise with her duty and to impose upon herself the most cruel sacrifices at the altar of national honor.

Strong in his rights, in the possession of his free institutions and all his moral victories, he invited the nation to unite for the sacrifice prompted by a single feeling, that of patriotism; by a single vision, threatened independence; and he pointed out a single duty, that of re-

sistance at all hazards, without a doubt of being conquered, but certain of never becoming discouraged.

In that hour, the parliament displayed all the civic virtues that can exalt a free nation.

The spirit of their ancestors, responsibility to history for an inheritance of military victories and moral traditions zealously guarded, transfigured those representatives of the people into the proud participators in the most grandiose scene the modern world has witnessed.

From that day, the Belgian nation joined her destiny, in sacrifice and anguish, in hope and victory, to that of heroic France, the cradle of the rights of man and the liberty of peoples.

Because it was not enough that a generation of another century should sacrifice itself to teach all the peoples the new evangel of the sovereignty of nations and the brotherhood of men, it was still necessary, a hundred and twenty-five years later, that the same nations which had laid the foundation of political liberty and justice should have to shed torrents of blood in defense of those great and immutable principles.

To demonstrate it, there has stood indomitable England, the seat of the political liberties of the world, the permanent school of democracy, the emblem of fidelity to law and of respect for treaties.

Loyal to her promises, in harmony with her traditions, she demanded in 1914, as she had in 1870, respect for the international faith that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium.

It was with justice that she took up on that occasion the memorable message directed at another time by Belgium to Queen Victoria in order to consecrate it with the invincible force of her powerful nationality. That message of 1870 had said:

"The voice of the English nation has been made audible above the noise of battle. It has affirmed," it added, "the principles of right and justice. After her unalterable love for independence," that precious historical document went on, "the liveliest sentiment that fills the heart of Belgium is that of undying gratitude toward the people of Great Britain."

At present these same peoples, united by identical feelings, have known how to seal with their blood their fidelity to those same principles.

In this concert of nations, there could not be wanting the victorious flights of the Italian eagle, which, in campaign after campaign, has gone on reconstructing the map of its kingdom, and, just triumphant in the desert of Libya, it turned its gaze fondly toward those regions that were still lacking in its redemptive work and to the definitive constitution of the great Italian patria.

As an incarnation of all the ideals of the present and the future, appears proudly in her serene and rational confraternity of arms the great American democracy, exemplar and lesson for all the peoples, which represents, with the greatness of a new world, the vigor, youth and energy of the men who were born and have grown up in a land of liberty.

Like new crusaders, the warriors of America have gone to Europe to settle the policy of the future, based wholly upon the welfare and progress of humanity, and summed up in the intimate, loyal and free association of all the nations of the Old and New World.

The Atlantic has ceased to be an abyss that separates two continents: the American armadas have eliminated it triumphantly, thus uniting the destinies of young and free America with those of Europe in reconstruction, and establishing her perfect solidarity with the great enterprise of protecting civilization and the liberties of peoples.

The sentiment of equality between nations, the worship of a lofty justice, without diminishing the independence of peoples, and faith in justice constitute a program worthy to attract and unite the will of all the nations.

Therefore and to this end the policy of the great American government has indicated its will to fight for the rights and liberties of small nations, because in them and in respect for them is symbolized the ideal of the universal reign of law, constituted by the agreement of the peoples and designed to secure the peace and safety of all.

In this manner are united the prospects of universal association with the ideal that characterizes our free democracies, based upon respect for the principle of nationality, the diffusion of political culture, the dominion of law over force and the social duty of contributing to the elevation of the moral and material conditions of the life of peoples.

As the fruit and lesson of this cruel war, there emerges triumphant the concept of respect for all nations, without regard to their territory or their material power, the assurance to small peoples of being able to maintain freely their national existence, the faculty of developing their own culture, of giving full scope to their particular genius, without fear that their free and rich expansions may be hindered by foreign or superior influences.

In the history of humanity, not a few are the luminous pages written by the small nations that in eras of peace have been centers of intellectuality and in struggles for right have been martyrs of liberty.

It was the peace of humanity set forth majestically by President Wilson, in his memorable oration of January 22, 1917, before the senate of the United States.

He desired the peace of the world and for the whole world, as he said on that occasion, and he proposed that:

No nation should seek to extend its polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.

With an accent which has risen above that of all the apostles, he added these phrases, worthy to be sculptured upon the arch of triumph of all the nations:

<sup>1</sup>Back of this great heart of America is the supreme moral force of right, the hope and the liberty of humanity.

This same American nation that has thus synthesized, by the word and the action of her eminent executive, the longings and perspectives of that work of peace, is that which for some time has been con-

<sup>1</sup>Not from the original English source, but translated from the Spanish.—THE EDITOR.



tributing through the activities of the Carnegie Endowment to the approximation of all the peoples and to the consolidation of their reciprocal relations, in accordance with the supreme and not always respected principles of international law.

Hitherto those noble heralds of peace could count only upon a general staff of intellectuals; and the law of nations seemed to be buried under the weight of cannon and the formidable modern mechanisms of war.

Thence, however, is now reborn that law, fathered by the loftiest human tribunal, having already penetrated into the very depths of the peoples who are interested in setting it up as the only norm of the future.

While saluting, in these moments of universal rejoicing over the advent of peace, the warriors and crusaders who have waged this long and wearisome campaign, we ought to include the sister republic of Brazil, which, deeming herself attacked in her legitimate rights, shared effectively with the allied powers the tasks and responsibilities of the struggle; as also the strong and glorious empire of Japan, which has been in eastern Asia the watchman and supporter of the allied cause.

To the health of all these heroic peoples, to the health of their distinguished representatives in Chile; and from these days of ceaseless anguish may there issue radiant a new era of enduring peace and brotherhood among all the nations.

HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR H. CHAR-  
MANNE  
*Minister of Belgium*

Messieurs: It is impossible for me to express to you how deeply I am moved, how touched I am, by this magnificent demonstration in honor of the allies, how grateful I am to you for the ovation you render my king; his noble consort, the gracious queen who shares his sorrows and his perils; his valiant army; his people, who have simply and stoically performed their duty, while awaiting the victory of right and the punishment of crime.

I thank you, in the name of my august sovereign, in the name of my government, in the name of our valiant heroes, in the

name of those who return to their homes covered with glory, in the name of those who have suffered so much and who to-day acclaim the victory, mingling their transports of joy and cheers of admiration for and gratitude to those who have cast out the enemy, with those who have so nobly and generously aided them, upheld them, shared their misfortunes, given them bread, and who sympathize and rejoice with them to-day.

I find myself unequal to the task of expressing my gratitude, of giving utterance to our joy, which, in the words of a great Spanish statesman, can not be rendered in any human language, and of sounding the praises of the victors, of the armies which have helped us, and which you acclaim with so much enthusiasm, a little, I suppose, because they have rescued and avenged Belgium, the innocent victim, so fair to-day beneath the crown woven for her by you.

Messieurs, I thank you, and again I thank you.

HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR GILBERT  
*Minister of France*

Ladies and gentlemen: I in turn must thank your distinguished society, which, in inviting my colleagues and myself here this evening, has desired to express its feelings of sympathy with the cause of the allies and rejoice with them in a triumph which, because it is that of justice, ought to assure the duration of the peace that is near at hand.

I give my thanks to the señor Barros Borgoño, who has been so kind as to serve as your eloquent interpreter.

As for myself, I express all my gratitude to you for the tributes of honor which your country, your city and your eloquent orators have rendered to our well beloved France.

I thank you, both in my name and in that of my fellow-countrymen, for the memorable public manifestations of these recent days in which my country has had a large share.

I voice my gratitude for the innumerable letters and telegrams in which you have expressed in terms at times deeply moving your devotion to France and your admiration of our armies.

Inasmuch as you have thought well to associate France here with her glorious allies, permit me to render homage to their coöperation, to recall that we owe them the greater part of the results obtained. As Monsieur Deschanel has said, our fraternal thoughts go out to them; our common victories will be for centuries the common heritage of the civilized universe. Their friendship will be as dear to us in peace as in war. Our appreciation will always be faithful to them, and we shall will it to our children with the immortal recollection of the epic struggles of an atrocious war of five years.

The great tragedy is virtually ended, however. Now begins the work of reconstruction and reparation.

For just as Monsieur Clemenceau has declared, we desire the victory to be for us, the peoples of the entente, a victory of humanity. We desire that the humanity of the future shall no more experience the evil days of the past; we would have it profit by our sacrifices; and, on the other hand, we ask it to remember that we have deserved well of it.

Therefore it is to be we who are to write the history that others desired to be alone in preparing, those whose victory was to excuse, was even to blot out, all the black deeds.

We shall recount all their crimes, and we shall not forget them, no, never!

France and her allies, however, will continue to be as noble and generous in victory as they have been irreproachable in warfare. They will have naught of reprisals.

They will not say: "*Vae victis*:" defeated wretches, as others have said in Frankfort, in Brest-Litovsk or in Bucharest. They will give food to their enemies; they will hear the supplications of mothers and children everywhere; for we, we know not how to hate. Our heart can not resist either a plea or a pang.

Our revenge will be to be human, when others could not be so; to hear the call of the peoples, when ours (remember 1870!), when ours had no echo.

A mistake, will it be termed?

No, gentlemen. Ancient peoples like ourselves are the depositories of the oldest and

the highest civilization; it is we who must show that we hold the torch of humanity, not to extend and renew the conflagration, but to direct the peoples in the way of justice and right, in whose name we have triumphed.

Therefore it is necessary, as we issue from this war, that the luminous aurora of peace shall dawn for all, and that after the somber days spent in blood and ruin there shall come, as Monsieur Pichon recently said, the days of reparation, of justice and of fraternity.

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HIS EXCELLENCY SIR FRANCIS STRONGE

*Minister of Great Britain*

Gentlemen: I should have preferred to leave it to my colleagues, who are better prepared than I am, to reply to the eloquent discourse of don Luis Barros Borgoño; but as the representative of Great Britain I may not fail to thank him personally and with all my heart for his flattering words in behalf of my country; and to you, gentlemen, I must express my gratitude for this splendid manifestation of sympathy with the cause of the allies and of rejoicing over their triumph. I have never had any doubt as to the sympathy of Chile or as to whether the Chilean people were in sympathy with us. It is more, I shall say, as I think I have said upon another occasion, than a cold and tempestuous ocean, which might be supposed to be a barrier between nations so far removed from each other; it has served, not as a barrier to separate, but as a bond of union between Chile and England. If I speak of the ocean, it is not merely as the broad highway of commerce, but also, and perhaps with greater reason, in respect of the spirit which has animated the navies of the two nations from the time of the war of independence until the present.

It is pleasant to me on such an occasion as this to evoke the memory of past history, the tradition of which still subsists. Lord Cochrane fought for the cause of independence. The allies have done so also.

This is the reason why you, as citizens of Chile, have given us your sympathy,



and why you think, and properly, that we the allies have also been the defenders of the principles of justice and right.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIGNOR COUNT NANI  
MOCENIGO

*Minister of Italy*

Signori: Permit me, as the representative of the most ancient people of the same race as that to which this nation belongs, to express my gratitude for the ceaseless manifestations of sympathy with our cause which, ever since my recent arrival, I have received from all lips, as also for the great demonstrations of rejoicing of these days, which culminate in the gathering of this evening. In truth, the manifestations of joy that have saluted the victory of the allies in all parts of the republic of Chile demonstrate to me that this generous nation has always followed with her fervent longings the alternations of the immense conflict in which the principal civilized nations of the whole world were engaged. It could not have been otherwise, since it would have been inconceivable that the sympathies of this country, the most advanced sentinel of Latinity on the Pacific, would not be on the side of almost the entire body of the Latin nations, which, led by France and Italy, the two great sisters, united in the past and the present and inseparable in the future, were staking their own destinies against a horde of tyrants who based their dignity upon violence and sought to consolidate it upon the battlefield, over rivers of blood.

The nature of the struggle carried on to achieve the dominion of right over force was, in other respects, such that it must produce an irresistible attraction for all the nations that trace their glorious origin to the Roman people, which has been able to rise to an unusual degree of power and civilization merely by always having placed right at the foundation of all its undertakings. The definitive triumph of right over force will be the most brilliant achievement of the present conflagration, and no price would have been too much to pay for the benefits which humanity will extract from it. Besides, the ideal maintenance of the great moral principles,

before being incorporated in the customs of civil societies, has always required streams of blood: the equality of all men before the law—the greatest triumph of civilization—was achieved by the advent of Christianity, which cost the lives of many millions of martyrs; and, at another time, liberty and conscience demanded for its consolidation a war that stained Europe with blood for more than thirty years. History will say some day, when the principle of the dominion of law over force shall have penetrated the habits of mankind, that, to secure the recognition of a principle so just and so simple in appearance, the civilized world has had to shed for upwards of four years its most precious blood.

Signori: in order to comprehend well the significance of present events, you must go back to the most glorious epoch of all this continent, to the epoch of the wars for South American independence. In order to measure our intense joy, you have to think of the sweet emotion your forefathers must have experienced when they beheld the patria freed from the foreign yoke. Applaud therefore our victory freely and glorify our captains with the same enthusiasm with which you venerate the memory of Sucre and Bolívar, of O'Higgins and San Martín. All have been soldiers in the same cause: independence; all have been heralds of the same idea: liberty.

HIS EXCELLENCY SENHOR JOSÉ MANOEL  
CARDOSA OLIVEIRA

*Minister of Brazil*

Senhores: Authoritative voices, the frequent, grateful and deeply stirred voices of the representatives of those heroic peoples who suffered severely under the sanguinary burden of the tremendous cataclysm; the generous and enthusiastic voices of those who followed them with admiration and love, all being strengthened by the mysterious power of faith, of that faith which shakes and causes mountains to be removed, have made themselves heard in this majestic center in celebration of the splendor of the victory, as a foretaste of the delights of a just, permanent and restorative peace.

In this harmonious and agreeable concert of hosannas and mutual congratulations, already therefore, and without making itself heard separately, sounded likewise the vibrant voice of Brazil, that voice which, by raising itself in protest against the violation of Belgium, the sacred martyr Belgium—for she is now canonized by the pious conscience of the universe—has fallen into harmony since then and in such a manner with the voices of the Homeric defenders of the right to live freely and to prosper without foreign interference, that it took part and always inevitably sympathized both with the combatants' exclamations of discouragement and their shouts of joy, as also with the cries of solidarity, whether in sadness or in glory, of the friends of the good cause throughout all the universe, during the nightmare of that insensate struggle of the gods of covetousness and shocking violence against the only true God, the God of eternal goodness and justice, who once more conquers and subjugates them.

What more then can I say, señores? All my being contemplates with awe the disintegration of the compact mass of infernal clouds by the inundations of the light of this aurora borealis, the dawn of a new day for humanity, for the second time redeemed. My soul tries to express itself; its strength fails; it prostrates itself before the magnitude of the startling and grandiose subject; it shrivels, it murmurs fervidly a belief in the definitive triumph of the sacred cause, a paean of thanksgiving for your appreciation, and it falls silent, sure that thus it will be better comprehended.

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HIS EXCELLENCY MR. SHICHITA TATZUKE  
*Minister of Japan*

Ladies and gentlemen: In the presence of this outspoken and splendid manifesta-

tion, I can not find words capable of expressing my feeling of sincere gratitude. This magnificent first impression, this solemn moment of the hour, fills me with great emotion.

Four years of terrible sufferings have passed, and the smiling dawn tints the vague sky, spreading pearls upon the blooming earth: the victory won will bring us at last the peace long desired of the peoples that live by right and justice.

Japan, removed from the center of the universal conflagration that is now about to terminate, has not been able to take part in the martial purposes as she would have desired; but Japan has participated as far as she could. The peace of the Asiatic continent has been preserved in large measure by our forces; the Pacific ocean and the Indian sea were finally freed from the malevolent activities of the enemy. The Mediterranean has beheld several battles that our fleets fought against the enemy's. We feel satisfaction in recalling that we too have contributed jointly with our allies to secure this victory, the occasion of the justifiable rejoicing which is now felt throughout all the confines of the world.

The longing of the defenders of right and justice found upon this Chilean soil an echo which, in addition to enlisting our gratitude, opens a cloudless and serene horizon to the future of the civilized world.

Let me be permitted therefore to lift this cup in felicitation of the defenders who have desired to associate themselves both directly and indirectly with the common cause which has been the object of this war.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Several other gentlemen spoke on the occasion of the banquet, all expressing themselves in terms of enthusiasm, but it has seemed necessary to omit their addresses, in order not to prolong the article unduly. The comments of all the Chilean press show that the celebrations were regarded as of vast international significance.—THE EDITOR.





# FATHER CABRERA'S COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES

BY

ANTONIO PÉREZ-VALIENTE

Córdoba, the conservator of Spanish colonial traditions, has been fortunate enough to possess several eminent citizens who have interested themselves in collecting and caring for whatever might serve as an exponent of the earlier civilizations. We give here an account of a reporter's visit to the home of one of the worthy collectors, and a description of what he saw and felt.—THE EDITOR.

PUSHING ajar the door of the vestibule, as clean and bare as the cell of a cloister, an aged creole asked us: "The señor desires to see Father Cabrera?"

"If you will be so good as to announce us."

"Enter and wait a moment," she said as she opened the door. "Monseñor will not delay in coming." Taking in her withered hand the card we offered her, she conducted us to a small, square drawing-room filled with old furniture and paintings of a colonial origin.

In the atmosphere of the drawing-room, the silence seemed to crystallize upon the ancient objects. Not a sound was heard. Only occasionally there came from the street slight noises that penetrated through the thick walls; this throb of life, in token of the populous city, contrasted with the deep and solemn quiet of the little nook. Several paintings of different sizes, inclosed in gilded baroque frames, added their candid note to the modern furnishings. They were of saintly and pious figures, executed in a manner somewhat primitive, somewhat ingenuous and rudimentary, but one that indicated the simplicity and purity of those artists of the American missions who knew how to reflect on the canvas their own spirit saturated with celestial aroma. Therefore we found interest in these figures, painted upon backgrounds of gold and toned with violent colors: saints with a doleful expression, pallid virgins with the child asleep in their arms and Christs with a supplicating look, livid and covered with wounds, as an evidence of evangelical conformity.

The little drawing-room where we were awaiting the arrival of monseñor seemed to be the habitation of an antiquary rather than a familiar chamber, on account of the medley of objects gathered in it. Artistic, gilded cornucopias, of the kind that are seldom encountered now and which shone in the palatial salons of 1780, exhibited here the delicacy of their harmonious lines near the frieze of the ceiling. Forming a series about it were hung old retables of polychrome wood, arms of aboriginal sources, reliquaries, crosses of ebony and *jacarandá*,<sup>1</sup> processional banners and standards that had been borne through the plazas of Córdoba upon days of solemn festivity, amid the pomp of governors, aldermen and the familiars of the holy office.

Every leathern easy-chair, every side-board, every chest of drawers, among those that adorned the receptable, bore the characteristic stamp of the epoch in which the New World contributed with its gold to the splendor of the conquest and the viceroalties. The dust of centuries rested upon this ancient furniture, wasted by moth and time; it bore the dust of ages and the vague aroma of eternity, which consecrated it as the living presentment of history. Thus it was that when we found ourselves in this charming spot, surrounded by so many venerable relics, we felt in our spirits a strange sense of awe. It was the heroic past that revived, that awakened our sensibility, that was revealed to us in every molecule of centenary dust. . . .

<sup>1</sup>Either of two species of tropical trees: the wood of each, white in one species and black and odoriferous in the other, is very hard, resembling marble, and extremely handsome.—THE EDITOR.

The noise of resounding footfalls, echoing in the dome of the white gallery, broke the thread of my ideas. We waited a few seconds more. When Father Cabrera entered through the door in the rear, whose timbers creaked in opening, he saluted us with tranquil ceremony.

"You will excuse my delay in coming," he said to us; "I am convalescing from an attack of the chronic illness from which I suffer and I can scarcely move. The physicians recommend me rest, much rest."

"Then we regret having come to disturb you while you are ill, as you say; but being in Córdoba, we did not desire to go away without first visiting your museum."

"And you have done well to come," he interrupted amiably. "Besides, as I think these old things never belong to one absolutely, I devote all my good will to preserving and making them known. It is the satisfaction of a collector."

Monseñor Cabrera's words moved us to ask him how he had succeeded in collecting the curiosities he possessed.

"It has been the work of a lifetime. In this ancient city of Córdoba," he continued, as we were passing to the salon, "I have found the larger part of what you gentlemen see, all relics of inestimable value, connected with the artistic florescence of the continent, in that remote age of the discovery and settlement and of the wars with the aboriginal inhabitants.

"Córdoba was then the center of colonial valor and wisdom. Serving as an intermediate point between the Río de la Plata and the cities of Upper Perú,<sup>2</sup> in it gathered travelers from all parts of America. The Indian, subjected to the authority of the *caciques*, carried on commerce with his *huacos*,<sup>3</sup> his fabrics and his beautiful pieces of silver plate. Those who lived in the city were generally in the service of the nobles—peninsular and creole—who constituted a kind of aristocracy, as grave in manners as they were inclined to pomp and solemnities. When there arrived any news of importance, it was communicated to

the neighborhood by the public crier of the *cabildo*, who made the rounds of the silent streets with a great noise of drums and fifes. The Cordoban ladies, looking out from behind their little blinds, saw file past the multitude, formed principally of Indians and people of color, among whom it was not difficult to discover the figure of some old soldier or the picaresque face of some sly student.

"Apart from the religious feasts, the royal oaths and other obligatory events, nothing disturbed the tranquillity of those interminable days, all equal and monotonous. From daylight until dusk, the bells of the cathedral, of San Ignacio and of the Madres Cathalinas marked the passage of the hours. The echoes of monastic bronze reverberated among the cloisters of the famous university, the arcades of the plaza, the narrow alleys, and the drawing-rooms and chambers of the ancient mansions. In those comfortable residences of simple aspect, dwelt families with ancestral names: the Tejeda-Miravales, descendants of the conqueror Tristán de Tejada; the Pizarros, the Funes y Quirogas, the Garayes, successors of the founder of Buenos Aires and Santa Fe, the Saavedras and Sanabrias, the Allendes, whose dwelling-house is a beautiful specimen of Incaic baroque architecture; the Jofres, the Cabrerias, the Luques, possessors of extensive estates in the zone of río Segundo, the Escobares, the Figueroas, the García-Posses, and so many others whose names rendered illustrious the annals of the colony and of the independence with their glorious deeds."

While Father Cabrera was telling us about old Córdoba, we were wandering at his side through the dependencies of the house. The hall, called the salon of the cabinets, contains a valuable collection of fans and tortoise-shell combs, arranged upon rich fabrics of brocade, with relief work in gold and precious stones. Among other priceless objects, shone silver trays, crowns, perfumery bottles and *mates*,<sup>4</sup> some of the latter with birds and flowers, others with fantastic allegories of sirens, and the most of them with rare designs in relief. Our attention was attracted

<sup>2</sup>Alto Perú, now Bolivia.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Idols, generally of pottery, taken from the *huacos* or tombs of the indigenes, especially of Perú, Bolivia and northern Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>See page 201, note 3, of this number.—THE EDITOR.



by a pyx with an imperial eagle, a magnificent example of creole argentry.

There were also a gold baroque mirror, bordered by portraits of the pontiffs, and a crucifix of great merit, which adds to its artistic value that of possessing very great antiquity. Its present owner acquired it in Santiago del Estero. There it had belonged to a convent of the Carmelites, and it is believed that it was carried off by some missionary friar at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Leaving this salon, where also were to be admired three small wooden arks and some pictures painted upon copper, we went to the office, the oratory, the private rooms, and finally to the apartments of the upper floor, a kind of depository, literally filled with curiosities and furniture, arranged for study and classification.

Two beds without canopies, similar by reason of their elegant carvings, to a bed that stands in the Museo Histórico Nacional, are beautiful and well preserved specimens that give an idea of the taste with which the great American houses of the eighteenth century were furnished. In another part of the same salon, was a striking bas-relief, a work of exceptional importance, executed by the Indians. It is the only one of a series of tablets of the twelve apostles, which existed long ago in the parochial church of Famatina in La Rioja, that has managed to survive. It is in a very bad condition, but it is not lacking in expression and movement.

The *sagrario*, in the form of a triptych, whose construction goes back to the year 1700, is a room of extraordinary originality, presenting in its interior a beautiful image of the virgin, and, at the foot of the columns which sustain the arcade, two figures in prayer. This rare example forms a pair with another ancient triptych that has in its center four portraits of a man and a woman, dressed in the manner of courtiers. It had been in one of the *estancias* owned by the successors of Jerónimo Luis de Cabrera, the founder of Córdoba del Tucumán, and it stands out, not so much by reason of the artistic value of the paintings

as from their perhaps being portraits of the Cabrera family in the seventeenth century.

The oratory contains a chapel in the Peruvian baroque style. Over the white altar-cloth of the divine offices reposes a primitive image of our Señora del Pilar, venerated until a short time ago in the church of her name in Córdoba. The chapel is entered by a small grated iron door, of a design not wanting in elegance, although it reveals a certain imperfection in the forging.

The other chambers are equally filled with curiosities of the highest historical value. Among them might be distinguished: some missal covers that are supposed to have belonged to the archbishopric of the old Tucumán; several antiphonaries that came from Perú and Bolivia, a *bargueño*<sup>5</sup> of mother of pearl and ivory, with evocative legends in gold on each of the drawers, referring to the purpose of the piece; several helmets of the time of the conquest; a standard of the period of Filipe IV, bordered with crimson velvet, which formed a part of the treasure of the Córdoba cathedral; a chalice to hold the sacred wafer before being consecrated, belonging to the temple of La Merced; and the Virgin and Child of the Racimo, venerated in another age in the church in the valley of La Punilla, under the name of our Señora de la Luz. It is a very ancient carving, and it was in the possession of the Zapatas of that valley.

Such, in short, is the museum of Father Cabrera, a distinguished Argentine historian, who combines with his patient labor of investigation the praise-worthy idea of accumulating all kinds of artistic and archaeological objects, thus saving them from the possible neglect to which they are exposed and classifying them in due form, besides causing them to be known and admired for their lofty meaning and significance.

<sup>5</sup>A small cabinet desk with four legs and a hinged drop leaf that might serve as a rest while in use. The name was derived from Bargas, where it was formerly made as a specialty.—THE EDITOR.

# PERÚ'S HOMAGE TO A URUGUAYAN STATESMAN

BY

VÍCTOR ANDRÉS BELAÚNDE

When Doctor Baltasar Brum, then minister of foreign relations, and now the president, of Uruguay, reached Lima, numerous public demonstrations were made in his honor. Among them was a great meeting organized under the auspices of the Peruvian members of the federation of students. Their spokesman had been a companion of the guest. His speech follows. After dwelling upon the personal characteristics of the visitor and the close relations that exist between Uruguay and Perú, he emphasizes what he conceives to be the most valuable characteristics of American political principles, American civilization and inter-American fellowship; he traces these characteristics from the first assertions of nationality in the struggle for independence throughout the continent, paying high tribute to the United States, her ideals as exhibited in the war of independence, in the war for the preservation of the union and the abolition of slavery, and in the national self-sacrifice involved in her participation in the great European war; and he emphasizes the distinction between wars for conquest and wars for independence, which he conceives to lie in "the mysterious power of the ideal." He holds that "the liberators displayed the most heroic prowess and achieved the most noble deeds in their search—not in their own behalf, but in behalf of their descendants—for a Dorado greater than the Dorado of the legends: the Dorado of liberty." Alluding to the necessity for right feeling and coöperation between the American peoples, he says: "America will be great only when she feels the palpitation of an ideal and the warmth of her sacred union," and that "the solidarity of America in the face of the war and of the principles she upholds must be a reality."—THE EDITOR.

IN MY words I bring homage and a memory: homage, because the youth of Perú have desired, in conferring this highest of honors upon me, that I should to-night gather and express their applause of your ideas and your victories; and a memory, that of the campaigns you inaugurated as a student in the congress of Montevideo,<sup>1</sup> a happy augury of the undertakings it has fallen to your lot to achieve as a statesman. Your companions of that pleasant assembly have beheld with pride how, with the passing of the years, their irreplaceable secretary has changed into the public man of continental figure. It was not a surprise to our fraternal intuition that your powers of organization in the labors of the congress should be exalted later to the accomplishment of administrative reforms of transcendent importance; that your tact and your political acumen, enriched by experience and culture, should assign to you the task of restoring your party; and that your vibrating enthusiasm for American confraternity should behold, as time went

by, the formula of continental solidarity, justly called Uruguayan, definitely incorporated to-day in the international creed of America.

The secret of your marvelous career is to be sought not only in the amplitude of your intelligence and the vigor of your will: it resides in your possession of the characteristic seal of the true political idealist. Far removed from the minute appreciation of things and the solicitations of material interests; removed far also from the ecstatic utopias and unproductive imaginings of visionaries, you have at one and the same time the worship of the ideal and an intuitive and accurate perception of reality. It might be said that you are an experienced dreamer. Your spirit drinks inspiration from the highest and most advanced conceptions; your activity is ready for struggle and endeavor. You are well aware that the road to success is one of generous audacities, and that definitive consecrations are only to be reached in self-forgetfulness and sacrifice. He who deals with you close at hand is impressed by your optimistic sincerity and your perennial laboriousness. Hence it is that your life has been spent in a rhythm of struggle and a rhythm of triumph.

Your tour of the continent would have

<sup>1</sup>The Congress of the Federation of Latin-American Students, an organization which was extended so as to include the whole of America in 1914, when a meeting was to have been held, but which was intermitted on account of the breaking out of the war.—THE EDITOR.



been incomplete, if you had not visited our country. Few peoples are better prepared to comprehend your ideals and listen to your utterances. This home of ours can receive your banner, and our friendly arms can offer you the most open and cordial hospitality: the hospitality of absolute spiritual comprehension.

The relations between Uruguay and Perú do not depend upon material interests nor upon the selfish motives of a political equilibrium. We are indissolubly united by ties of a higher order. The ideal for which our fathers fought is your ideal. The ancient ensign that floated over the Pacific is waved by fervent hands on the shores of the Atlantic; and new and powerful lampadaries are making ready to transmit to future generations the flame of our old enthusiasms and our dreams of fraternity. Above this historical solidarity, this identity of function in the policy of the continent, the new Uruguayan and Peruvian generations are bound together by the same conception regarding the moral physiognomy of America and of her mission in the destinies of the world.

The dreamed of Atlantis, reaching the length of the planet, bathed by the immense oceans, embracing all the prodigies of nature, is the world's economic center of gravity; the vast arena of selfish activity, of the spirit of enterprise and of the intoxication of adventure; the gigantic theater of the unexhausted human will both to enjoy living and dominating and to be able to live and to dominate. In the presence of this materialistic conception, masters of idealism in Uruguay and Perú have proclaimed a greater conception. America is for us something more than the land of unique productions and indispensable wealth, something more than the brilliant palestra of the struggle for existence. America is the source of new ideas and new sentiments; she is the fashioner of new forms of human life, and above all, of irresistible energies to realize them. The land fecund for the production of life has also yielded the red flower of sacrifice. An exuberant and very abundant sap has been offered as a holocaust; every new ideal received here its tribute of blood, and when heroic death reaped its

harvest of the new shoots athwart the palpitating earth, across the illimitable pampas, on the inaccessible summits, glory shone with its most gorgeous splendors.

Let us build up our faith in the mission of America by turning our eyes toward the past. The convention of Philadelphia proclaimed human liberty thirteen years before the declaration of the rights of man raised upon the ruins of monarchy its eternal oriflamme.

The abolition of slavery needed for its definitive consummation the courage of heroic struggles and the seal of the blood of martyrs. Destiny deigned to make America the sublime theater of those struggles and the altar of a fruitful martyrdom.

Castejar recalls that the states hostile to slavery had in front of them the best seasoned of armies and an unfriendly Europe. Yet Lincoln improvised an army of two million soldiers; he mobilized his armies from the Potomac to the Tennessee; he won six hundred battles, and he died, like Christ, when his work was finished. After four years of titanic efforts, after having sacrificed to the ideal of human liberty all life's values, the great democracy, in breaking the chains of the slaves, forged from the same iron, redeemed by her heroes, the indestructible chain of her national unity.

Fifty years pass, and the miracle of history is repeated. It is not now a question of human liberty, of the faculty of disposing of our individual and selfish activity: battle must be joined for a higher ideal; a more sacred right, that concerns the very essence of society, must be won. It is the right to live within a unity formed by the same traditions and the same ideals; to establish a home under the shadow of the flag dearest to the heart; to mingle with the men of the same blood, of the same language, who treasure memories of the same fond legends; to return, after the cruel mutilations, to the maternal bosom in order to bud again with the old sap, and experience the sweet call of the earth and the never forgotten dead. It is the principle of nationality, the freedom of peoples to decide their own destiny. In ancient Europe, this new human ideal is passing

through an epoch of most painful trial. In the apocalyptic duel, the Christian idea of justice is warring with the pagan idea of power; the impulses of liberty battle with the imperatives of organization; democratic institutions, with the survivals of feudal monarchies. Chivalrous Belgium, indomitable Serbia, are immolated in the dream of universal dominion. France suffers the pangs of a new dismemberment; Italy sees her hopes of integration overclouded; and the ideal of a double political and economic hegemony sweeps over the Slavic peoples, toward the fantastic Orient. It is the tragic judgment of God; it is the struggle of Ormuzd and Ahriman. In the colossal conflagration burn and are consumed all the values of human civilization.

What will the great democracy that proclaimed individual guaranties and redeemed slavery do? What will the great wise and industrial nationality that transformed manufacturing and has elaborated a new political law and a new psychology do? Will she continue given over to work and thought, to the peace of the city censured by William James, in which life loses its poetry for want of adventure and danger? No! The people of Washington and Lincoln, of the epopee of 1776, of the martyrdom of the war of secession, is not going to continue, face to face with the world's tortures, in the rhythmic pounding of its factories or in the placid silence of its wise men's thought. It will abandon the joys of life, the pleasures of a dominating will and the sweet delights of ideas; for the hour of blood and sacrifice has come. The voice of the historic *fatum* calls upon America to decide, in the desperately balanced struggle of the rival powers. True it is that the American democracy has neither soldiers nor transports, and that the sentiment of peace forms the soul of that people. It matters not, however; the consciousness of an enormous ideal, the deep sense of a providential mission, will set all souls on fire; and Wilson will revive the prodigy of Lincoln. He will not improvise two million men, but ten; he will not mobilize the armies from the Potomac to the Tennessee; they will cross the Atlantic, and when they set their feet upon the Old World, the earth will tremble with

rejoicing, from a presentment of future victories; the blood of the new men will infuse courage into the ranks of the exhausted fighters; side by side with the democratic ensign of England and the glorious banner of France flutters now the flag that redeemed the slave and that will redeem the peoples; above the thunder of the cannon rise the shouts of annunciation, and, in the glare of that infinite conflagration, victory spreads her wings.

Immortal people! Thou wast born for religious liberty; thou didst free thyself by proclaiming the rights of man; thou didst weld together thy national unity by abolishing slavery, and thou decidest the destiny of the world in order to establish justice among the nations!

Spanish America? Our America by blood, by history and by hopes? She also has the unmistakable moral physiognomy bestowed upon her by being the vast laboratory of democratic essays, by the idealistic fever to consummate her independence and by her cherished dream, since she was born into the free life, of establishing fraternity and justice.

The essential traits of the American soul culminated in the war of independence. Therefore I shall never become resigned to accepting the theory that explains the movement of Spanish-American emancipation by causes of an economic order. The liberty of the young peoples was the result of a marvelous conjunction of sentiment for the land, and fervor and enthusiasm for the new human ideals proclaimed by the American and the French revolutions. The war of independence is the prodigy of an ideal, conscientiously prepared by superior minds, brought painfully into action by heroic wills; in opposition to all the elements: nature, economic interests, military power and political organizations.

As the last century dawned and as human destinies were changing, there extended from México to the Plata the holy intoxication of liberty. To it were sacrificed the wealth of cities, the tranquillity of peoples and the life of two generations. Since the emancipation movement was idealistic, it was expansive and dominating; since a mystical power palpitated in it,



it was irresistible. The movement in the south, inspired at the beginning by causes of an economic character, became gigantic and supreme in the soul of San Martín; and then it surmounted the cordilleras and liberated Chile; it crossed the sea and proclaimed the independence of Perú. The movement of the north was the supreme exaltation of an ideal incarnate in the figure of a maximum hero. That ideal made of the campaign of 1813 a prodigy of the world's military history. That ideal imparted energy and life to the poor human specters of which Rodó speaks, who crossed the Andes to conquer at Boyacá and to transform into martial victories the last among those specters upon the plains of Carabobo. That ideal pushed the wave of freedom toward the sea and brought it to the land of the solar Incas and the grave viceroys. The liberative whirlwind again ascended the Andes, passed like a strange tremor of life along the table-land, where reposed the silent ruins of extinguished civilizations, and climbed to the summit of legendary Potosí to unfurl upon the vast panorama of the continent the united ensigns of the free peoples: eternal symbol of the fact that America will be great only when she feels the palpitation of an ideal and the warmth of her sacred union.

That which imparts a character of greater sublimity to a war for independence, as compared with a war for conquest, is the mysterious power of the ideal. The two epopees had the same picturesque scenery. If indeed it is true that during the period of independence nature was partially known, it had not been dominated: the same solitude upon the heights, the same mystery in the forests. The liberators, like the soldiers of the conquest, plowed the legendary rivers and tracked the eternal snows. Painful was the struggle with nature; more painful even the struggle with men. The liberators, instead of fighting with barbaric empires, had in front of them organized governments; instead of formless masses, regular armies; instead of primitive strategists, Spain's best warriors: Morillo and Canterac. However, more than all this, the struggle for emancipation reveals its greatness by its moral finality. Although there

palpitated in the enterprises of the conquerors, side by side with material interest, the courage of sublime audacities, and although their work was a marvelous display of heroic energies, Pizarro and his companions sought, as their supreme object, the gold of Tahuantisuyo, as Cortés and his companions sought the gold of Anáhuac. The epic discoverers who, in a glorious curve from the Guayanas to the Plata opened a trail through the forests toward the heart of the continent, desired to reach the fantastic lakes with islands of marble and porphyry, with sands of gold and pebbles of diamond.

The liberators displayed the most heroic prowess and achieved the most noble deeds in their search—not in their own behalf, but in behalf of their descendants—for a Dorado greater than the Dorado of the legends: the Dorado of liberty.

Thus, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, America assumed a personality in the concert of the world, because she fused all her peoples in the same aspiration and the same sacrifice. Two characteristics synthesized the spirit of the American revolution: heroic enthusiasm and a sentiment of unity.

A hundred years passed. The onward march of humanity created new ideals, and, by a sublime law of history, the approximation of each new ideal must involve a heartrending tragedy. The principle of nationality, initiated in the American revolution, and consummated in the French revolution, was smothered by the political equilibrium or the rivalries of hegemony. From the great revolutionary commotion and from the Napoleonic epopee issued civil equality and political liberty in definitive form, and the sentiment of great nationalities was revived. However, neither the equilibrium nor the hegemony were extinguished, nor were the liberty of weak peoples and international justice established. Successive efforts have changed the old monarchical states into just and humane democracies; but they have not succeeded in making juridical principles the basis of the life of humanity. The European conflict presents to our eyes a sanguinary crisis, big with the mystery of future solutions. The major problem

that the military imperialism of Rome did not resolve with its elements of force in the still virgin land; which the papacy could not decide in the middle ages with the incomparable energy of the religious sentiments; whose profound human significance could not be penetrated by Carlos V, Louis XIV and Napoleon, presents itself in the midst of the desperate strife of races and empires, not in order to find a solution in the unity of force or in the unity of authority, now impossible, but of harmony in the equality of all the nations and of justice for all men.

The war is therefore the greatest event of history since the advent of Christianity; greater than the Renaissance, which returned to us a sense of nature and life; greater than the religious reformation, which bestowed upon us spiritual liberty; and greater than the revolution, which brought us political liberty.

Well then, what does our America feel in the presence of that ideal upon its sad march? Where is her heroic enthusiasm? Where is her sentiment of unity? Why does there not spread from México to the Plata the same intoxication that our fathers felt? Why do our hearts not unite and our arms reach out with longing? Is it possible that the ideal of justice and fraternity is not our ideal, that it is not blood of our blood and soul of our soul?

In the face of the tragic sublimity of this hour, irreconcilable interests, distrust and suspicion, incoherence and isolated attitudes, seem a profanation. We saw with pain that the epic courage of those moments did not unite our thought or our action: frontiers seemed still higher; souls further apart. Let us, however, open our hearts to hope. A strong, friendly voice comes to break the silence of this indifference, the chill of this incomprehension. It is a voice that springs from history; in it vibrate the dreams of Bolívar, the longings of San Martín and the faith of Artigas; it speaks to us of fraternity and union, of an ideal and of effort. It is Uruguay that tells us through your lips, friend Brum, that for America the moment for joint action has arrived, and that, by taking advantage of her material and moral forces, she will win the influence to

which she has a right in the destinies of the world. The consciousness of the duty and mission of Spanish America is illuminated in the Uruguayan soul and expressed by the words of a man come forth from our ranks, nourished by the same ideals, the pride of our generation. The dream of the philosophers and the ideal of the apostles has found the practical formula of the jurisconsults and the active expression of the politicians. The solidarity of America in the face of the war and of the principles she upholds must be a reality.

Hail Uruguayan nation! Sublime predestination hovers over thy soul. Providence saw fit to endow thee with all the gifts of nature and all the energies of the spirit. Thou representest in the new continent what Switzerland has been for aged Europe. As in Helvetia, thy bucolic moors render life sweet and awaken the love of liberty. Like her, thou wast indomitable and fierce in the defense of thy autonomy. Situated between rival powers, thou wast the refuge of persecuted thought and proscribed heroism. Like the model confederation, thou dost incarnate neutrality and international justice. Thy towns, like the traditional cantons, possess the instinct of democracy and the fecund disquietude of the most advanced political reforms. If Switzerland is the grain of anise-seed that has perfumed Europe, Uruguay is the spiritual garden that has regaled wondering America with the aroma of the most genuine poesy of the soil in the verses of *Tabaré*,<sup>2</sup> and the seasoned fruitage of the most noble of ideals: those of *Ariel*.<sup>3</sup> Blessed land that didst produce the seer-like heroism of Artigas, the rhythms of Zorrilla and the words of Rodó. Stand, youth, now that I have pronounced the name of the master! Death has haloed him with glory. None felt the greatness of America as he felt it; none formulated with more eloquence her future destiny. His marvelous pen awakened in us the worship of heroes and of the great; in his

<sup>2</sup>An epic poem by Juan Zorrilla de San Martín: see *INTER-AMERICA* for February, 1918, page 130, biographical data.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>By José Enrique Rodó: see *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1917, page 23 and page 64, biographical data.—THE EDITOR.



immortal sketches will live the genius of Bolívar, the eloquence of Montalvo, the music of Darío. In consonance with his style, formed of the power contained in it and of the enchantment that dominates it, he caused to flutter over the exuberance of the virgin land and the fieriness of our young blood his ideal of grace, comprehension and harmony. I feel that your applause are changed to-night into a mysterious emanation which rises above the cordilleras, crosses the infinite forests, traverses the immense sea and reaches the eternal city, the depository of the Latin soul, which was his soul, in order to impart a warm breath of life to the tomb wherein reposes his wise man's brow and his artist's heart amid Hellenic accents and under the Christian cross, a symbol of his work formed from the Greek worship of the beautiful and the spirit of evangelical love.

Let us render now to the dead and to the illustrious ancestors the only homage worthy of them: an action and an effort to realize the ideal that informed their spirit and for which they immolated their lives. Let us sum up in a major work, the sacred voice of the founders, the serene activity of the statesmen and youth's spirit of hope.

Finally, let us establish fraternity and let us not forget that the only way that leads to it is justice. Let us say, very loud and with the frankness imposed by the solemnity of these moments, that peace and harmony in America, as in Europe, will become a fact only by means of a reparation for violence committed and a restitution for outraged right. Let us prepare for the advent of the amphictyonic American. As the Hellenic peoples placed above their political interests and their

military rivalries the interests of the race, the worship of their heroes, the love of their language and their conception of life; so the American peoples, who have only one soul, in which are fused the legends collected by Garcilaso, the traditions that immortalized Palma, the visions of greatness and the prophetic lamentations of the Liberator, Alberdi's intuitions of genius and the sublime realism of Sarmiento, ought to establish the supreme institution which, while respecting the physiognomy of each people and its peculiar mission, shall stimulate spiritual values, attend to the common needs and impose the reign of law.

To-morrow, when redeemed humanity shall find in the new continent its true patria; when the treasures snatched from interminable cordilleras shall stir only to peaceful activity; when the rivers shall be united, from the Orinoco to the Plata, by the mysterious communication discovered by Humboldt; when the secular forests fall beneath the blows of fruitfully demolishing axes; and when upon the infinite pampas and smiling valleys shall arise populous cities, then, from the lands of Anáhuac, from the plains of Cundinamarca and from the Incaic Collao, the men of the future will set forth toward the banks of the Plata to commemorate the new era of justice in your legendary Montevideo. The voices of those men, come from all parts of America, will raise a vast hymn of fraternity to your symbolic mount<sup>4</sup> that near the immense sea and under the blue sky lifts the arrogance of its summit like an aspiration toward the infinite.

<sup>4</sup>A small peak near Montevideo from which the city takes its name.—THE EDITOR.



# ARGENTINE DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT

Utterances regarding democracy, in its various aspects, by four leading Argentine citizens, are here brought together to show, first, what are the principles upon which the republic bases its international life, and, second, not only what ought to be the attitude but what has been the attitude of Argentina toward the belligerents involved in the great war.—THE EDITOR.

LUIS MARÍA DRAGO

THE intervention of the United States, which once more puts herself at the service of the great human ideals by taking the lead in the movement of America, is an event of great significance and transcendent scope, first, for the termination of the war and the indispensable reconstruction which, with the new moral values acquired in the struggle, will be accomplished; and next, for the reign of peace, based upon liberty and justice.

The United States which, through Washington, secured the triumph of pure democracy, in order later, through Monroe, to champion the young republics of the New World against the machinations of absolutist governments, abandons to-day, through Wilson, a defensive attitude, confined hitherto to her own continent, in order to cross the seas and carry her action to Europe herself, and thus to contribute, amid torrents of blood, to the extermination of irresponsible monarchies and the militarism upon which they were founded.

America, in the plenitude of her development, repays thus the primitive debt by causing the current of her civilization and effort to return to its original source.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

*January, 1915*

It was, perhaps, a recollection of the Norman manor with which Ameghino became acquainted during his explorations in France; and it is proper to mention it here, for it was one of the great affections of the savant—that noble land where he found both justice before it was done him in his own country, and a wife and a

language for the communication of his science. Thus there shone in him that mental irradiation of France which is for every superior soul what light is for the diamond. The spark of genius with which he was born inclined him in that direction naturally. The immortal soul seeks immortality in the light, which possesses it as a specific condition, and France is like a star: she has the same vibrant sensibility and discreet beauty; but also the same immutable fixity and terrible intensity. Her being is nothing but a ray of light, and against it not all the shadows of the night can aught avail. The Titan thinks to blow her away like a spark, because he sees her from afar; but he will no sooner draw near than the luminous point will grow into a magnificent star. She is already a sun, a whirlwind of fire; and she is shooting into his face her unendurable blaze. Spirit nation, land of hope: this is the hour for confessing love for thee and for honoring one's self with the sense of thy superlative danger.

JOAQUÍN V. GONZÁLEZ

Our country has been considered and sometimes even judged with acrimony for her policy, too loyal, too frank, too honest and perhaps too just. Many of our diplomatic mistakes and our territorial losses have been attributed to the fact—which has been considered a defect in our character—of our not having any diplomacy, or rather, of our having too trustful a diplomacy, one of too much good faith. However, weighing in a critical balance these different values, probably all Argentines would prefer to lose more territory, on condition of preserving in the world that which is the foundation of an imperishable



prestige: the strictest honesty, honor and loyalty in respect of other nations.

### RICARDO ROJAS

Let us go through the books of our great thinkers, the foundations of our statesmen, the poems of our singers, and we shall find at every step traces of all the cultures that are to-day symbolized by the alliance. Go to the university of Córdoba, and you will find the colonial tradition of the Spanish schools in its beginnings; go to the university of Buenos Aires, and you will find the model of the French faculties as its basis; go to the university of La Plata, and you will see the influence of similar institutions of England and the United States. The national college comes from the French *lycées*, planned by Jaques for Mitre's government. The normal schools came from North American ones of the same kind, transplanted by Sarmiento, with teachers and everything. The primary school boards are also a copy of the North American organization of the time of Mann. Our daily press and our reviews have not followed the trail of the Germans, but of the Spaniards and the Saxons. Consult our artists as to who were their masters, as to the academies and museums in which they were formed, as to what artists they prefer, and you will hear names from Italy, France, Spain. Ascertain what authors were quoted by Moreno, Monteagudo, Gorriti, Echeverría, Mitre, Alberdi, Sarmiento, Gutiérrez, López, Álvarez, Ramos Mejía, and you will see that the tradition of Argentine thought is foreign to German culture, as is also our ancient and modern poetry. Do you say that romanticism was born in Germany? Yes; but it was not German romanticism that influenced us, but that of Cousin, Byron and Victor Hugo.

So we might go through all the fields of

culture, and we should see that—apart from two or three recent institutions, usually failures, and with the exception of the Prussianization of the army, opposed by a great part of the officers and men—we owed nothing as a nation to Germany when the war broke out; without this implying a denial of the fact that she had admirable scholars, laboratories and factories, destined to downfall by the Cæsarian madness of the emperor.

Not even the Catholics, who at the beginning of the war were Germanophiles from hatred of France, were able to find a connection between the traditional Catholicism of Argentina and the religion defended by William. He himself was the head of the Protestant church, and so loyal a defender of it was he that he made a political compact with the Catholic party, which he fostered. Such an occurrence would cause us to think that he saw no difference between the two churches, and that he felt the essential Christianity of each; but let us not forget that he had allied himself with the sultan and become a protector of the Mohammedans of the Orient.

This is the origin, tradition and character of Argentine culture. Religion, art, instruction, language, among us were all saturated with associations foreign to the German ideal. These associations were revived when the war broke out, and they converged upon a harmony of sympathy with the alliance. As the forces of "culture" coincided in all this with the Argentine "institutions," "population" and "territory," it means that a German victory would have been hostile to the tradition, conscience, interests and destiny of our nation. These are the profound voices that official neutrality drowned; these are the voices that to-day well up in the protest that mingles with the celebration of victory.



# TWO ECUADORIAN SKETCHES

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

Apart from their humor and their analysis of human nature and human ways, these sketches illustrate strikingly the universality of certain traits and customs: while the scenes are Ecuadorian, the persons and characteristics are common to humanity at one stage or another of its intellectual and social life.—THE EDITOR.

## THE ENCHANTED COCK

OLD Zacarias lay in his last agony upon the wretched straw mattress of his garret.

He was a great philosopher who had devoted his whole life to study, and he was dying in miserable want, as happens with nearly all superior men.

Feeling now that his life was ebbing away momentarily, he sent for his grandson Abraham, who lived with his wife in the neighborhood, and he said to him:

"My son, thou hast done what thou couldst for this poor old man who is going down to the grave full of sorrows and disappointments. God reward thee! I regret not having a fortune to leave thee; but, on the other hand, I am going to leave thee a cock that I possess."

The young man, in spite of the sadness that weighed upon him, could not hide a smile as he thought of himself as the heir to so humble a legacy.

The dying old man guessed the thought of his kinsman and he hastened to add:

"Think not, dear Abraham, that the cock I bestow upon thee is an ordinary cock, like the cocks to be seen in any barnyard, or those whose stupid merits are applauded at the cockpit. Mine is an enchanted cock who has lived for thousands of years, and he comes down from King Solomon, according to a certain document which thou wilt find among my papers."

The grandson waked up when he heard this, and he asked for fuller information about the marvelous fowl, which, it should be said in passing, sat upon a perch and was a mute spectator of the pathetic scene.

"The merit of the cock," added the old man, "consists in discovering impostors."

"How is that?"

"Just let anybody approach him and touch his crest."

"What happens?"

"Nothing happens, if the person is irreproachable; but if he is a rascal, the cock crows in the act and makes it known. This is how I have learned about men."

And turning on the other side, he went on: "and about women."

The grandson wished to ask further explanations, but to no purpose. Old Zacarias had ceased to exist.

The pain which the death of his poor grandfather caused Abraham made him forget about the cock for a moment, and he was weeping beside the body when there came a knock at the door.

It was the doctor, who was coming to visit the sick man, thinking he still lived.

"This," he said, "I have prognosticated, but your señor grandfather would never listen to me. A thousand times I said to him: 'Don Zacarias, do not live in the company of a cock, for these animals are filled with microbes.' He would laugh; and now you see what happens! He is dead; it is very natural. Science avails nothing against the obstinacy of patients."

"But, doctor," argued Abraham, "this one is an enchanted cock, one who came down from King Solomon."

"Are you crazy?"

"And when an impostor touches his crest, he crows. My grandfather gave him to me in his last moments."

"Wanderings of a diseased brain!"

"Make a trial, doctor; put your hand on his comb."

The cock looked at the doctor with malicious eyes that seemed to say to him: "Come and touch me and thou wilt see."

The physician took two or three steps



toward the cock; but he repented, and what he did was to take the road through the door, murmuring: "What imbecile folks!"

Abraham was saying to himself meantime: "Hello! so he did not dare to touch the crest! Then the cock has crowed without crowing."

The door opened again, and a priest entered.

It was the confessor, who had been summoned to give aid to the sick man, but he arrived too late, as is wont to happen in such cases.

Nevertheless, in order not to waste the journey, he thought it indispensable to frighten the devil out of the death chamber, and he set himself to sprinkling holy water, psalming: "*Requiescat in pace! Requiescat in pace! Amen!*"

Afterward he directed himself toward the son of the dead man, and he made known that, as don Zacarias had died without the sacraments, it would be necessary to rescue his soul from purgatory, where it would remain suffering until orders should be given to say for him the thirty-three masses of San Gregorio.

At that moment he noticed the cock, and he asked what the creature was doing in the room.

Abraham hastened to inform him what he knew of the particulars, and at once invited him to touch the comb.

"May the devil touch it!" he exclaimed, alarmed. "I have not come here to lay my hand on crests, but to fulfil the duties of my calling."

And without even taking leave, he put on his tile and went out, looking at the innocent animal with the greatest terror.

"Another!" remarked Abraham. "I begin to believe this cock is a jewel."

Later came the friends who went from the dead man to offer consolation to his relative, pressing his hand with the deepest concern; but when they were told the story of the cock and of the peculiarity that was attributed to him, not one had the courage to touch his crest, and many fled terrified.

From that time the heir of don Zacarias began to go around with the cock under his arm, but, strange to say! none ventured to touch the comb, however much he as-

sured them that the fowl only crowed for rascals.

He went through all the high and low society, always showing the cock: to the rich, to the poor, to the liberals, to the conservatives, to the civilians, to the military, to the laity, to the ecclesiastics, to the public functionaries, to the professionalists, to the philanthropists, etc., etc. All looked at the enchanted bird with curiosity; but they slipped away confused, if the slightest mention was made of tapping the crest.

Filled with bitterness and profound reflections, Abraham returned home, and he told his wife that he was now convinced of the virtues of the cock. "My dear, thou hast always been an exemplary wife," he said, "and thou hast nothing to fear; touch the cock's crest."

The señora retreated in alarm.

"No," she exclaimed; "I will not touch it."

"Why?"

"Because . . . stop thy foolishness, man!"

"But if I wish thee to touch it!"

"No; and a thousand times no."

"Ah," exclaimed the poor man, heaving a sigh. "My God, what a thing is society!"

Then he caught the cock by the neck, gave it three twists and hurled it through the window, saying: "Enough, cursed fowl; that hast crowed too much!"

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I regret in my heart the tragic death of this famous cock, for no one will deny that in the present circumstances a bird of his qualities would supply an imperative public need by making known to us those who should not touch his crest.

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The above being written, I have just learned that Abraham has found his grandfather's document referring to the cock, and this is a textual copy of it:

DEAR GRANDSON:

The cock I left thee is not enchanted, nor does he crow when impostors touch his crest; but, on the other hand, they crow when the do not touch it. Dost understand?

Thy grandfather,

ZACARIAS.

## VISITS OF CONDOLENCE

I AM sure that all my readers and my lady readers especially, if I possess any, have had to make many visits of condolence, compelled by duty, friendship or courtesy. Therefore they will not let me prevaricate.

A visit of condolence is, I should say, a genuine hardship that society inflicts upon the one who makes it and the one who receives it.

Quite willingly would everybody refrain from making visits of condolence, and with greater pleasure would no one receive them; but society, I repeat, has very rigid laws that none can escape.

I divide visits of condolence into two classes: visits by men and visits by women; for they are entirely different, although addressed to the same purpose.

I shall treat first of the former. Let members of the ugly sex note that I begin with them, instead of with the ladies, as would have been more courteous, not from a lack of gallantry, but because the best is always kept for the last.

As soon as the relative of one's friend dies, he begins to think of the duty he owes of going to express condolence; that is, of going to bestow another affliction in addition to the one that the friend suffers through his loss.

There is no remedy, however! Society exacts it, and it is obligatory to go to distress another's sad home, under penalty of being considered lazy.

The only advantage one has is that of enjoying himself and even of having his fling, if he wishes, as long as he has not set foot on the steps of the afflicted house.

Once there, it is necessary suddenly to clothe one's self with an oppressive sadness. One must be the image of grief itself and outdo the dejection of the nearest member of the deceased's family.

With the head bowed so low that it can go no further, with the backbone bent, with the eyes cast down and the mouth half open, one advances at a slow step through the chamber of mourning, muttering monosyllables in a low voice, as if he were afraid of awakening a sick child.

Then one takes the humblest seat visible,

until the appearance of the victim, I mean the bereaved, dressed in black and perspiring in torrents, on account of the clothes he is wearing and the closeness of the shuttered house in our accursed tropical climate.

It is a custom hereabouts, I do not know why, to deprive one's self of air and light as soon as a member of the family dies. All the doors are closed until faces are hardly visible. It is an indispensable manifestation of grief to suffocate one's self with heat and breathe a vitiated atmosphere.

Let us go forward, however. As soon as the visitor makes out his friend in the half darkness, he runs to him and precipitates himself in his arms without saying a word.

Then the two seat themselves in front of one another with their hands on each other's knees, looking down, each trying to think up something to say.

None of the phrases uttered must be completed: they must be broken, for this is the usage, and sentiment requires it.

"Yes, my dear friend; I lament. . . ."

"Thanks! this has been for me a. . . ."

"I understand. You must know that I am always. . . ."

"How true! It is at such times that. . . ."

"I do no more than comply. . . ."

"I know that; but you on every occasion are. . . ."

"Not at all! You apprehend perfectly how much. . . ."

"Indeed I do, and believe me, for my part. . . ."

"Ah, my friend, these experiences? I hardly know. . . ."

"Nor I either. I assure you. . . ."

"Thus it happened to me. You will remember. . . ."

"Indeed I do! But one must conf. . . ."

"It was what I did. Nevertheless, when I knew yesterday that you. . . ."

"Ah!"

A long silence; during it, one of them thinks: "If I could only leave."

The other is thinking: "When will this fellow go!"

Finally the visitor arises and exclaims:



"Then, my friend; I have had the deep. . . ."

"I thank you so. . . ."

They embrace each other, and when they lose sight of one another, each breathes with relief.

If there is a lady in the house, when she hears the steps descending, she pulls the curtains slightly apart with great caution, looks toward the parlor with trepidation and asks her husband:

"Has he gone?"

"Yes, little one."

"Come and eat then, the dinner is getting cold."

With ladies, what happens is quite different, as I have had the honor to tell you.

As soon as there is mourning in a house, all the lady friends flock in.

They enter with a firm tread and make directly for the bedroom; for they know that this is the one place in the house where visits of condolence are received.

It may be assumed that when ladies take part in mourning, all will be seated on the beds.

I do not know whether this is a national custom or whether I am a bad observer; but this is how I always find it. The bedroom becomes a reception-room, as long as the period of acute sorrow lasts.

Exactly the reverse of men, who can not speak during visits of condolence, women speak more than ever on such occasions.

As they have so much facility in weeping, a new visitor hardly enters when all burst into tears: those who are leaving, those who are entering and those who are there. The first obligation of the one who enters is to run over a minute account of the merits and virtues of the dear departed: an account that is amended and added to by all those who are present, even if they have not known the deceased.

These amiable recollections contribute to increase the sorrow of the relations, who are now inconsolable; but there will always be at the same time a few matrons who will be disposed to console the sorrowing with such eloquent phrases as the following:

"One must be resigned!"

"We must all die at last!"

"He has gone before us!"

"He is in heaven!"

In the meanwhile, the beautiful sex, ancient and modern, may be divided into two sections. The matrons and the misses form one group; the other is made up of the old women, who occupy the hammocks, two in each. Lighting their cigarettes, they proceed at once to explain all their diseases with a scandalous prolixity.

"So, my friend," exclaims one near at hand, "I had a tumor on the nose that laid me prostrate."

"For that," answers another, "there is nothing like coriander and unsalted ointment, boiled with hawk grease and the right foot of a tapir."

Suddenly there is heard an explosion of sobs that checks all the conversation like a flash and changes all countenances, tranquil before, into faces bathed in tears.

A new visitor enters.

And so on successively.

God, however, has endowed woman with a great heart and with a boundless verbosity.

A man remains dumb, overwhelmed with grief; a woman must speak, in spite of her tears.

"But what do they say in these bitter moments?" some one will ask me. In the intervals of weeping, they describe the entire sickness of the person they mourned.

"Day by day," a certain widow informed me, "the poor fellow kept getting thinner and thinner, until he reached a point where he couldn't even sit down, for he was all bones, and he had to sit on a pillow. 'Do not think too much about it,' I said to him to cheer him; 'eat two or three tamales to tone you up a little;' but the poor fellow couldn't even swallow the yolk of an egg; his liver and his spleen ached him so much; a lump would go up and down. His little head burned like a forge, and the morning he died he begged me to give him some broth of young lamb. . . ."

All listen to this with religious respect, feigning a vivid interest, until interrupted by the arrival of a fresh visitor.

Thus the hours pass until evening, and the old ladies fall asleep in the hammocks with the cigarettes in their mouths, and then it is necessary to wake them up for coffee, to which they are never disinclined.

These are visits of condolence.

# REFLECTIONS UPON ARGENTINE LITERATURE

PROGRESS AND CULTURE DURING A HUNDRED YEARS OF NATIONAL HISTORY  
ORIGIN, EVOLUTION, PERIODS, INFLUENCE, CHARACTERISTICS

BY

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If any one desires to lay the foundation of a broad and thorough knowledge of Argentine literature, he will find in this article not only an introduction to the study of it, but a comprehensive outline, with numerous pregnant and interesting suggestions as to the spirit, method and scope of the investigation; the author is not only a professor of literature, but an experienced man of letters and an authority in his realm.—THE EDITOR.

## I

IT WOULD be a mistake to attempt to explain our literary evolution by the methods or systems that eminent European critics, such as Macaulay and Taine, have worked out in explanation of literatures more ancient and organic than ours. The briefness of our history and the abundance of the foreign elements that have united to form our civilization—beginning with the Castilian language of our letters—would be sufficient to require a substitution of the critical instrument in explaining our literary phenomena.

In any of the European nations, soil, race, language and literature are based upon a single unit. It is as if some of these elements had sprung from others, and as if all complemented and explained each other in an harmonious cycle. The race might have its origin in migrations and conquest, as in the England of the Saxons and Normans or in the Spain of the Celts, Swabians, Goths and Arabs, but such beginnings lose themselves in the remoteness of time, and the race identifies itself with the native land. Those peoples, by dismembering empires or joining feuds, preceded the nation they founded, and the language elaborated by them was an expression of their soul and a characteristic of the nation. Those national languages might have had their origin in other languages of former conquests, like the present French and Spanish in respect of the Latin of the Cæsars; but once formed,

they now revealed new phonetic and spiritual qualities, peculiar to the climate in which they were born and the race from which they had sprung. So also from soil, race and language sprang the national literature; and something like a mysterious current of cosmic life, comparable to the sap that ascends from the root to the flower, welled up from the heart of the nation in the rhythms of verse and the figures of fable. Therefore a document like the *Chanson de Roland* or the *Cantar de myo Cid* is not only a document of national literature, but of the national philosophy and national politics of the people to which it belongs. Hence certain verses suddenly cause to pass before the mind, the land, the language, the race, the religion and the prowess of the race that fashioned the poem and the language of the poem. (Verses 726-731):

So many lances would you see grasped and  
    raised,  
So many shields penetrated and thrust through,  
So much false armor from bodies torn,  
So many white penons return dyed with blood,  
So many good horses wandering riderless:  
The Moors invoked Mohammed; the Christians,  
    Santiago.

The unity to which we allude—that of language, race and literature—is only presented by the nations of modern Europe: we might also point it out in the extraordinary classic florescence of the Greeks and Latins. On the contrary, it is lacking in the literature of our country. We write in a transplanted language,



which conquering Spain bequeathed, already formed, to America, and which we have renewed, but neither transformed nor corrupted, in our literature. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were for the mother-country the period of her intellectual splendor, and it corresponds, by synchronism, to her most enduring foundations—the language, the family, the cities—in her colonies of the New World. From 1810, an initial moment for American emancipation, the language has gone through an evolution common to all the nations into which the ancient empire of Carlos V was divided. There will come a day when the literary history of our language will embrace the territorial extent of that disintegrated empire, when it will include the mental life of all the peoples that had Spain for a mother-country. Certain acts of contemporary criticism seem to augur this, among them the *Antología de poetas clásicos* and *Horacio en España*, both works of the distinguished humanist don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, and, like his, some South American books that seem to tend to this design of creating an empire, a race, an international citizenship, within the language.<sup>1</sup> This time must come, through the work of such ideas or as necessary consequences of national progress, population, means of communication, commerce. In the meanwhile, however, our nations need to create a critical history of their own literary evolution; and, behold, in attempting it, as in the case of the Argentine republic, the literary consciousness encounters the indicated duality of a territory that belongs exclusively to us and a language that belongs to us in common with other nations among which it is spoken with equal right and for the same reasons as among us.

To determine the range of our literary dominion within the vast international domains of the mother-tongue ought to be one of the earliest problems presented and solved by the critical history of our literature. I almost dare to say that a course upon the Castilian language should

be the indispensable introduction to a proper course upon the literature of the Argentine republic or of any South American republic—the true history of our language as an adventitious instrument of our literature—in which would be shown its origin and its double process of chronological formation during eight centuries of geographical extension through two worlds; the decadence and the supplanting of the indigenous tongues would be explained; this would tend to form a consciousness of literary nationality within the internationalism of language and it would strengthen the consciousness of the Spanish language, so much on the decline among the peoples of the Río de la Plata. Thus we should come to explain, on the grounds of environment, certain cases of Argentine writers who have deserted to French, as the peoples of the northern regions of Spanish America tend to desert to English. I refer to books in prose like *Les races aryennes du Pérou*, by Doctor Vicente F. López, or *Les origines argentines*, by the señor Roberto Le villier, and to books in verse like *Simplement*, by the señora Delfina Bunge de Gálvez, and *Jardins de France*, by the señor José María Cantilo. What therefore is the criterion by which an historian of Argentine literature ought to consider these books, Argentine by reason of their subjects and authors, and foreign by reason of the language in which they are written? What causes of education or environment move authors to abandon the mother-tongue? How far does the language of the nation determine the Argenticity of its literature and how far is it determined by the cradle of its authors and the character of their works? These are the questions which this introductory course would determine, and which it would not be possible to decide in a scientific and just manner except by establishing a general consensus of opinion as to the meaning of the Castilian language within the Argentine nationality and the meaning of Argentine literature within the Castilian language.

## II

A second question arises in our path, and it is the value we ought to concede to

<sup>1</sup>The author of this monograph has himself published a book inspired by these words: *El alma española*, essays in literary criticism. Sempere, 1908.

the Argentine territory in the national determination of our literature and what we ought to recognize as due to our political history in view of our literary history.

It is known that the name "Argentine," which designates our nation as gentilitious and adjectives her collective attributes, comes to her from the territory which we inhabit, or rather from its río de la Plata that beautified in legend this part of the conquest and baptized, through the eponymous influence of its waters, the southern regions which it bathed.<sup>2</sup>

It is also known, however, that the lands called "Argentine" have varied in extent through history, and that, in varying, diminishing, they have passed from the chimerical vagueness of the colonial ages to the precision of the present planimetric calculations. In the eighteenth century, Uruguay, Paraguay and southern Bolivia were Argentine. In the seventeenth century, the provinces of Cuyo<sup>3</sup> were Chilean, and Chile was Peruvian. The creation of the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires, the establishment of the Junta de Mayo,<sup>4</sup> the foundation of Bolivia, the segregation of Uruguay and Paraguay, would therefore be important events for the classification of authors and works, if we fell into the error of adopting the dates of the external or political history in order to determine phenomena of a spiritual order, as are those of literary history, and to classify by the dramatic hazards of war, the regionalism—substantial because of its origin—of works and authors.

It is an error, sufficiently general in our didactic and literary spheres, to believe that Argentina began chronologically with May 25, 1810, and that its proclamation in the *cabildo*<sup>5</sup> of Buenos Aires signified

<sup>2</sup>See the extensive development of this idea in my book: *Blasón de Plata*, first edition, in *La Nación* of the centenary, 1910; second edition, a volume of 250 pages, Martín García, 1912.

<sup>3</sup>The old province of Cuyo, which extended east of the cordillera between the thirty-first and the thirty-fifth degrees of south latitude, embraced the present jurisdictions of Mendoza, San Juan and San Luis.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Committee of May, the historical name of the group of patriots that took the initiative in the movement for independence, May 25, 1810.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918, page 83, note 3.—THE EDITOR.

the negation of all that was Spanish which had preceded us in the germinal years of the colony. Shall we forget that Argenticity was not constituted merely by the state and the sovereign political institutions that we then desired to found and which we did not succeed in founding until several lustres later? Shall we forget that the emancipating *cabildo* was of colonial origin, and that until the year 1812 the arms of the patria fought under the banner of the king? Were not the revolutionary cities Spanish, perchance? Was not, finally, the language of Moreno's *Gaceta*<sup>6</sup> and López's<sup>6</sup> "Hymn" Castilian?

All this is seen to be, in truth, too puerile a conception of our nationality and its history. Argenticity is constituted by a territory, a people, a state, a language, an ideal, that tends every day the better to define itself. Even now, with these brief pages, we are trying to define it. To Argentine literature therefore belong all the literary works that have sprung from this nucleus of forces that constitute Argenticity or that have served to invigorate this nucleus.

According to this criterion there ought to enter into the material of our literary history books like *La Argentina*, by Ruy Díaz de Guzmán; *Argentina*, the poem of Barco Centenera; and *El lazarillo de ciegos caminantes*, the chronicle of Concolorcorvo. Perhaps a better right to it belongs to the Spaniards, who before 1810 discovered and embellished with their works the colonial life, than Argentines like Ventura de la Vega, whose life and work belong to the literary history of Spain, however much the authors of this and the other side of the ocean are wont to include him in ours, as Menéndez y Pelayo did, in transcribing the following verses in 1857:

<sup>6</sup>*Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, published from 1810 until 1821: a photographic facsimile of it was reproduced in honor of the centenary, in Buenos Aires (1910), under the direction of the Junta de Historia y Neumismática Americana, in six handsome volumes, printed on fine paper and bound in parchment.

Vicente López y Planes (1784-1856), patriot, publicist and poet, wrote the Argentine national hymn, which begins: "*Oíd, mortales, el grito sagrado.*"—THE EDITOR.



The mother Spain to her bosom  
 Me vouchsafed a loving welcome;  
 Here I was; but always I  
 With a noble pride remembered  
 That my cradle to the lulling  
 Of the zephyrs was aswing.  
 Oft while fratricidal rancor  
 In our band blazed or another,  
 My falling tears devouring,  
 My muse in anguish silent fell.  
 Now since the bonds of the tyrant  
 Give place to ties all fraternal,  
 And Hispania arms outstretches  
 To America her sister,  
 I, suffused with holy gladness,  
 I, an American Spaniard,  
 To the clear light of the sun  
 Raise my song to the sweet union.  
 Come, divinest inspiration,  
 That I to my sounding lyre  
 May the chord of gold refurbish  
 For the fame of Argentina.<sup>7</sup>

The case of Ventura de la Vega is singular in our literature, because, prior to the revolution (1807), he was educated in Spain, and he became incorporated, by his person and his work, with the historical currents of Peninsular literature.<sup>8</sup>

This exceptional case being rejected, however, I think a criterion with the amplitude already determined is the most proper one for us in tracing our intellectual evolution, so subject to external influences and contingencies, and not the patriotic error of vanity that would restrict it to the period beginning with 1810 and geographically to authors and works bounded by the national horizon. Let us not forget that the *Representación de los hacendados*, by Moreno, the *Triunfo*

<sup>7</sup>Properly speaking, these halting verses do not bring us much fame, but I cite them here, like Menéndez y Pelayo in the *Antología*, because of the spiritual attitude they define; but we ought not to forget that we have to do with album verses, that is, that his patriotism was for the occasion.

<sup>8</sup>An interesting comparison may be found in the similar career of Juan Ruiz de Alarcón y Mendoza, the eminent Spanish dramatic poet: born in México about the close of the sixteenth century, he went to Spain in his youth to study law in the university of Salamanca; in 1606 he fixed his residence in Sevilla, where he practised law for three years and became intimate with Cervantes; later he lived in Madrid and devoted himself to writing for the stage (1613), finding favor with the nobility and even with the king; his few plays are of the highest order; among them may be mentioned: *Los favores del mundo*, *Las paredes oyen*, *La verdad sospechosa*, *Los engaños de un engaño*, *El tejedor de Segovia*.—THE EDITOR.

*argentino*, by López, the *Oda al Paraná*, by Labardén, preceded the revolution. Nor should we forget that *Facundo*, *Las bases* and *La gloria de don Ramiro* were written abroad. Let us not overlook the fact that foreigners like Jaques, Groussac and Rubén Darío, in incorporating their work with our national patrimony, have contributed to the formation of our literary environment and our artistic culture. It is then the spirit of nationality itself, and not the partial elements that constitute it—territory, politics, citizenship, etc.—that is to serve us as a criterion when we classify literary material and desire to determine the extent of this subject.

### III

Even accepting the proposition that causes 1810 to be taken as the beginning of our literary development, as synchronizing with our political evolution, we could not understand the authors who appear suddenly in the midst of the revolution to sing and justify it, if we did not explain the previous conditions under which their culture was formed. How to define the rationalistic tendency of Moreno and Monteagudo, the philosophical tendency of Gorriti and Funes, the classic tendency of Varela and López, if we do not explain the colonial environment, and, above all, the immediate profound revival of culture that was fostered here, by viceroys like Vertiz, and there, by ministers like those of Carlos III? It could be affirmed, and even proved, that there was not during the colonial period a literature proper to the Río de la Plata, but it could not be denied that there was a philosophical and literary education, which centered in the halls of Córdoba and Chuquisaca and here in Buenos Aires in the Colegio Carolino, the "Telégrafo Mercantil," the Casa de Comedias, in the very drawing-room of the viceroy, and around such personalities as Agüero, Marciel, Labardén, Chorroarín, masters whose influence seemed to survive in the serene soul of Diego Alcorta, under whose professorship were later formed many of the best patriots of the expatriation, as Mármol and López have recognized.

The initial date of 1810 being accepted,

the colonial cycles that preceded it may be studied as the period of "the origins," as it included the transplantation of the Castilian language, and the literature of the cloisters, such as the Jesuit chronicles of Lozano and Guevara, or profane narratives like the *Comentarios* of Alvar Núñez and the already mentioned *Lazarillo*. This timid movement of culture became more marked afterward in the university of Córdoba and the viceroyalty of Vertiz, and it concluded its own Latinistic and theocratic structure in the augural days of the revolution.

This colonial period being included, our literary history may be divided, for its better didactic exposition, into the following cycles:

1. The Origins. 2. The Initiation.
3. The Revolution. 4. The Proscription.
5. The Organization. 6. The Present.

The period of "the origins" ought to enable us to determine what we mean by "Argentivity:" the coefficient of a land, a manhood, a language and a culture, which, in becoming fused here on the Plata in a manner new to history, generated this fresh phenomenon which we shall call the Argentine people and civilization. This will be the occasion for characterizing the physical medium, not only as the crucible of a new human sensibility, but as a theme for new pictures of history. We shall see then with what elements the indigenous race endowed our civilization, in order to learn what remains of its characteristics in *Siripo* and of its legends and vocabulary in *Santos Vega*, for instance. We shall analyze also the manner in which Castilian was transplanted in America, what caused it to triumph, how it overcame the indigenous tongues and what has survived of them in the literary lexicon—substantives of the flora and the fauna, commonly—and what has remained of those incipient aboriginal literatures as the flower of our folk-lore.

The second period, which I call that of "the initiation," should analyze the first transplanting of European culture and its adaptation to the American medium. The establishment of the universities of Córdoba and Chuquisaca, of the viceregal

colleges, the first presses, the first theater in Buenos Aires: these are the initial themes of this period. Essential importance is to be found then in the course of Latinity, which absorbed in its double theological and rhetorical function the life of the colonial class rooms, for in such a discipline were formed our historians and poets of the eighteenth century. To this period will belong also the study of the work of culture of the religious orders, and especially of the Jesuits, who were, with other teachers, our beginners in history, philology and even the natural sciences. It is in this period that we shall see timidly appear the first light of Argentine thought in the Thomist syllogism, the theater in the *autos sacramentales*, oratory in the sacred lectureship, the poem in the Horacian exercises of the classes in Latinity. Finally, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, we see all this work of our culture concentered, as a local product, in the lyric dawn of the English invasions and of the reconquest.

The period of "the revolution" has the epic characteristic of the agitated epoch that extended from 1807 until 1830. Perhaps its limits could be more reduced and made to embrace the interval between the more definite dates of 1810 and 1820, the latter being the year of the national dissolution according to the terminology accepted by all our political historians. I have preferred these other more inclusive dates, because the year 1807, beginning with the English invasions, marks the rise of patriotic poetry, and the poet who five years later was to compose the national song was the same who in that glorious evening of the viceroyalty had sung the *Triunfo argentino*. Equally, in the decade that extended from 1820 until 1830, there floated still, even if weakened and intermittently, the heroic breath of the preceding decade, and not yet might be considered opened the sinister cycle of proscriptions and tyranny, whose tragic hour was to strike in 1840. The characteristic traits of this second period were: oratory, as seen in Paso, Castelli, Moreno, Monteagudo, Pantaleón, García; journalism, in Agrelo, Moreno, Monteagudo, Funes, Castañeda, Friar Cayetano; civic



poetry, upon heroic and political subjects, in López, Lafinur, Luca, Rojas, Varela, etc.; popular song, in La Madrid, López and the anonymous poets; letters and memoirs, in almost all the leaders of the emancipation, such as San Martín, Belgrano, Manuel Moreno, La Madrid, Paz, Guido, etc. The general characteristics of this period were the inspiration of liberty as an impulse and a theme and the imitation of the classic models as to form. In this latter respect, the viceregal education persisted: the former manifested itself in the powerful ideal of the patria that was to burst out in 1810, exalting so many previously obscure men to the very summits of heroism in action and eloquence in word.

#### IV

The tyranny of Rosas<sup>9</sup> has always been considered by our historians as the basest and most unproductive epoch of our nation. It is, perhaps, an opinion that will come to be revised, if the process of revision has not already begun. It is still "the night of our times:" as the Middle Ages were in the history of Europe. The tyranny was our "middle ages," and therefore an age of germination, gestation, blood, birth and anguish. A sinister age for liberty and culture, it has taught us by means of despotism the value of intelligence and law. The sway of Rosas made life in our territory sinister and desolate; but the truth is that the Argentine ideal had gone with its great refugees to find safety in Montevideo, Bolivia, Chile and France, and in them is where we ought to study it. Hence I have called this the period of "the proscription" and not of "the tyranny." Sarmiento, Mitre, López, Varela, Alberdi, Mármol, Gutiérrez, Rivera Indarte, Echeverría, Ascasubi, were the proscripts of the period and the creators of our literature in those romantic years. The period that stretches from 1830 to 1850, or, if you will, from the ascension of Rosas to the advent of Urquiza, is, without doubt, the most somber of our political history, but it is likewise the most brilliant of our literary history. It may now be

seen that the cycles of literary evolution are not always parallel to, and synchronous with the cycles of political evolution. Literature forms a part of culture and consequently of the internal history of a people; wars and governments are hardly more than the visible and dramatic aspect of its external history. A tyranny that tramples upon liberty is equivalent at times to a vigorous revival of the ideal, through the longing to reconquer the lost liberty. It is what occurred among us: Jovian Rosas engendered Promethean Sarmiento. The Junta de Mayo accomplished the revolution in the realm of facts; the proscription achieved it in the realm of ideas. Therefore their democratic program could not be formulated, defined and practised until after 1850. May was an ideal and a passion; Caseros,<sup>10</sup> a sentiment and an idea. This sentiment and this idea were elaborated in the hard years of the proscription; its process remains for our literary history in iambics and pamphlets. In 1810, the revolutionary passion sprang from the heart of the people against the external enemies: the king and monopoly; in 1852, the revolutionary idea was born in the brain of the nation against the internal enemies: Rosas and barbarism. To arrive at this synthesis—which was to become the moral springs of the succeeding cycle—it was necessary that despotism should be taught of the patria and of civilization, through the pain of having lost them. Hence there was mingled an agonized emotion with the work of the proscripts. The poets frequently saw themselves absent equally from their homes and from their sweethearts. So Juan Cruz Varela, in 1838, sighed, rather than sang, from Montevideo, the ephemerides of the revolution:

In vain were flung wide the portals of the orient!  
For, in night's sable shadows, dumb and deserted  
Are the streets, the plazas and the temples all!  
Only in mockery of a race of heroes,  
Bands of Afric slaves, and of the vile the vilest,  
Through the streets and plazas pour with  
shambling pace.

<sup>10</sup>Where was fought the battle that resulted in the defeat and overthrow of Rosas; see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 131, last part of note on José Manuel (Ortiz) de Rosas.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 131, column 2, note 1.—THE EDITOR.

Their barbarous outcries and their savage dances

Are on this great day a meditated insult  
Of the new Carib,<sup>11</sup> abortion of the south.  
Wanting part in thy glory, Argentine nation,  
He detests thy name, thy glory and thy honor:  
In its anger, Heaven gave thee such a son.  
Fierce and yet faint-hearted, from the deep recesses

Where he cowering dwells, a clutching hand of iron

He brandishes o'er the people, dagger drawn.  
Vengeance, envy and insolence weigh his bosom:  
The names of May are naught but criminal only  
For this instrument of the genius of crime.

So too in Mármol the heroic song is turned into a civic roar, and likewise in Echeverría, the hardships of exile, through all his poems, cloud the vision of the Plata. A blast of tragedy swept across our literature of that period. Each one's life assumed gigantic proportions and each proscribed was the protagonist of a beautiful drama, a fugitive from the prisons of his native land, a wanderer over stormy seas, a mendicant at the gates of the sister countries. Journalism degenerated into a rabid attack upon civilization and it exceeded the aggression to the point of calumny in the pamphlets of Rivera Indarte. His cries, hurled across the river, seemed to find echo on the other side of the cordilleras in the clamor of the Ajax of a Sarmiento. Thinkers like Alberdi or Mitre meditated; but soon they learned that analysis retarded the discovery of the truth, and their feverish impatience lent itself rather to the quest for it in the clairvoyant impulse of their own passion, as a traveler who on a tempestuous night sees his way in the forest by the zigzag flashes of the lightning. It was thus that *Facundo*<sup>12</sup> appeared in Chile, under the shock of pathetic fury, the traces of which may be seen in the words of the Introduction:

Terrible shade of *Facundo*, I am about to evoke thee.

*Facundo* also, as is known, was a pamphlet in its origin: a pamphlet that afterward became a history, a poem, a romance, a primer and a bible.

<sup>11</sup>Rosas.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 313, note 2.—THE EDITOR.

That drama of the proscription has not yet been set forth in a systematic manner. We know it by its anecdotes and by the biographical details of its principal protagonists. The history of Argentine literature ought not only to catalogue and study the work of its publicists and its poets, but also to trace the influence which they exerted upon the hospitable societies that welcomed them; to measure the effect of those societies upon the culture and destiny of the sublime adventurers whom they returned as statesmen, writers, soldiers; and to reconstruct, at last, the ideal bond that united them all, whether in Paris, Valparaíso, Montevideo, Guayaquil, Tupiza or Rio de Janeiro, and formed of them a brotherhood of seers.

When Sarmiento went to Europe, on a journey from the Pacific, he became acquainted with Echeverría in Montevideo. In one of his letters, he judges him harshly, being wounded in his vanity, it seems, by Echeverría's inattentions. Aware of it, Echeverría wrote, June 12, 1850, to his friend Alberdi, who was at that time in Chile:

I attach little weight to the eulogies of Sarmiento, for he knows nothing about either poetry or literary criticism; but his unkind words have wounded me, for I am an exile like him, and I thought him my friend. He has said to me uncouthly what the *Gaceta* and the *Archivo* have not dared to say to me, qualifying my political writings as "lucubrations," and he has declared me *ex cathedra*, like another Hypocrates, "sickly in spirit and in body," which is equivalent to saying that I am worth as a man and as an intellect a little less than nothing.

The arbitrary Sarmiento had, in truth, looked upon the "lucibrator" Echeverría as little better than "a fool," and Echeverría avenged himself by saying in that same letter: "Sarmiento is on the road to insanity," thus anticipating the fame Sarmiento was to acquire ten years later. Echeverría added:

I am surprised at only one thing and it is that I should not have in Chile a friend to defend me; and that Juan María,<sup>13</sup> being at Sarmiento's side, should have permitted him to write in that way against a man who was his friend and who lives in proscription for being a patriot, suffering as few have suffered.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup>Juan María Gutiérrez.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>Alberdi: *Obras póstumas*, volume XV.



Such incidents, however, were an exception; and the mild and distrustful genius of the sickly Echeverría was also an exception in that titanic company of the emigrants. Even so, the reason that had weight was that of being a proscrip-t. Indeed, proscription united them. They made a charity of their clothes, their board and their lodgings. Self-taught as they were, they corrected each other's works, lent each other books, reciprocally instructed each other. Alberdi says in his *Memorias*:

At that time I established a close relation with two most cultured young men, who much influenced the later course of my studies and literary preferences: don Juan María Gutiérrez and don Esteban Echeverría. They exercised an indirect professorate upon me, more efficacious than that of the schools, which was that of a simple friendship between equals. Through Echeverría, who had been educated in France during the restoration, I had the first news of Lerminier, Villemain, Victor Hugo, etc.

Such was the brotherhood of proscription. Annually, on the twenty-fifth of May and the ninth of July, presided over by General Las Heras, the exiles of Chile met to commemorate the dates. Alberdi was then a friend of Sarmiento and Mitre. Partisan rivalries and hatreds came later, after Caseros: while the agony of the patria united them in exile, all formed a single family. Few occurrences have been more beautiful than the proscription of the time of Rosas or so efficacious as its teaching for the edification of the youth of the class room in the worship of the patria, beauty and liberty.

## V

The fourth cycle of our literary evolution is that which I have called the "organization." It began at Caseros, with the fall of Rosas, and we could assign it as a termination the year 1880, with the federation of Buenos Aires. I have called it the period of organization, but I thought to call it that of the "reorganization." In truth, the wars of independence, the depredations of the band of marauders, the neurosis of the tyrant, the proscription of the most highly educated men, had desolated, impoverished and debased Ar-

gentine society; but this society had earlier had an "organization," in the times of the viceroyalty, with highways, posts, fortunes, theaters, printing-presses, salons, schools, industries, peace. During those forty years, the army degenerated into an armed band, the hero into the petty leader, the viceroy into a tyrant, the land of the epopee into the pampa of barbarism. Rosas dethroned, the exiles returned to reconstruct society and the state, to organize them upon "the bases" which Alberdi had just formulated for the constitutional congress. His book was an intelligent and timely résumé of the ideas that had been agitated in the press of Chile and Uruguay during the years of the exile. The proscripts returned to the patria and entered upon a new epoch. From being destroyers they turned into builders. Thence came the polemic of Alberdi with Sarmiento upon the duties of the press; thence also the pedagogical program of Sarmiento, and thence the lofty civic lessons of Mitre in the *Historia de Belgrano*. Thence, too, originated the similar works of López and the juridical work of Vélez Sarsfield, that lost sheep of the proscription. Thence also sprang the poetical productions of Olegario Andrade, Hilario Ascasubi and José Hernández, charged with the vigorous ideal of nationality, as also the flowering of oratory upon the platforms of republican liberty. The need to organize the nation—and, as one might say, to create anew the patria—then absorbed the most fertile minds. Our literature assumed the civic tone of the hour, the event and the environment. Production became almost exclusively argumentative, didactic, juridical, political. Although it may appear strange, there was less dreaming and singing than in the bitter years of the proscription: the years of romantic lyricism and sedentary evocation that saw appear *La cautiva*, *Amalia*, the *Dogma socialista* and the *Recuerdos de provincias*. So much was it so that Andrade, Guido and Gutiérrez approached rather the fifth cycle or that of the present period, since they flourished after 1880.

In fixing upon the year 1880 as the termination of this period, I do not mean to

establish a precise limit, but merely to give a chronological location to the event, in itself the most diffuse, that initiated a new phase in the history of Argentine society. I said before: the Cabildo of May, the ascension of Rosas, the battle of Caseros; and now I say: the federalization of Buenos Aires. Such, unquestionably, was the political event that must take place in order to consummate the organization of the state as the legal form of nationality. To the constitution which the preëxisting provinces had brought together in a pact of unity, it was necessary to add the law that would give to the fourteen provinces a neutral city that would be the focus of Argentine civilization. "The Indian city" that García described had been followed by the "great village" depicted by López. This was to be followed by the modern, cosmopolitan, noisy, rich city, that appeared by starts, because it had now become very complex, in Julián Martel's *La bolsa*, and the theater of Florencio Sánchez.

To this sixth period, that is, to the present of the last three decades, belongs the emancipation of literary activity as a function distinct from politics. Before our times, Argentine literature was a convent chronicle in the work of Lozano, a rhetorical exercise in the halls of Latinity, light verse in the social gatherings of the señor viceroy; it was subsequently an harangue in the assemblies, a proclamation in the camps, a sermon in the pulpits, an article in the *Gaceta*, a hymn in the literary competitions, but all this as an impassioned and necessary expression of civism in the heroic days of the emancipation. It was later a winged opuscle in the patriotic nostalgia of the proscripts, in the attacks upon Rosas, in the discussion of institutional problems. Therefore Echeverría wrote his *Insurrección del sud*; Mármol, *Amalia*; Sarmiento, *Facundo*. The following period was more collected in its passions, more disinterested in its purposes; but literature continued to live under the shadow of politics, and its principal books—such as Mitre's *Belgrano*—which is history and worship of the military hero, the *Luz del día en América*,<sup>15</sup> which is a

satire on our democracies in the form of a novel, and *Martín Fierro*,<sup>16</sup> a poem of customs, with its gauchos victimized by the petty rural tyrannies unpunished in the desert—all bear the stamp of politics, either because of their theme or because of the martial hand that wrote them. This purpose of social criticism is evident and repeated in *Martín Fierro*:

In the villages they prattle  
Of the evils that we suffer;  
But they act like wee woodpeckers,  
When they hide their little nesties:  
On one side they make their cackle,  
And their eggs lay on the other.  
So feign they who are not able  
To hit the joints in their carving:  
While the gaucho feels the pressure  
Of the heavy hand of justice,  
With their medicine they never  
Have success our ills in curing.

Therefore the poem concludes with the following lines:

If my song I thus am lifting,  
'Tis because just so I like it:  
It is for the harm of no one,  
If not good for everybody.

Poems like *Martín Fierro* must have been "good for everybody," for the desert is tamed and sowed; the conscience of justice is transforming that of authority; and in the "ancient village," to-day enlarged by work and embellished by culture, the poet with the long hair of the bard has been able to live and grow old, tranquilly and nobly consecrated to the silent worship of poesy.

## VI

A critical history of Argentine literature could not be limited to the division into the five cycles which I have just presented. It is, as I said before, a division designed to facilitate its didactic exposition and relate it better with its own environment. Granted the historical continuity of the literary phenomenon, its historian must demonstrate this continuity by argumentation. The method of a simple biblio-

<sup>15</sup>By José Hernández, born in the *partido* of San Martín, province of Buenos Aires, November 10, 1834; he died in the national capital, October 21, 1886; *Martín Fierro* was first published in 1872, some of the newspapers reprinting it in its entirety, and much comment being devoted to it.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>16</sup>By Alberdi.—THE EDITOR.



graphical description is not sufficient for this purpose, as it disturbs exposition and renders it fragmentary; nor would the biographical method be of itself sufficient, as it would hardly show the external and material succession of the "lives;" and in the case of synchronous authors, it would render vexatious repetitions necessary. It is best therefore to unite lives and works by the study of the moment and the environment, in order to follow the progressive emancipation of the literary function of our country, so as to show the successive degrees of esthetic education, technical mastery and social culture, and indicate the increasing division of the kinds, the prices-current of the works, the struggle of the schools, the popular and the official esteem of the persons of the artists.

To study our literary life through the education, the vocations and the professions of our writers: their success, their habits, their glory; to study our literary environment through the attention, the indifference, the taste of our public: its press, its theater, its criticism; to seek for the author the psychological document and for the work the social document; to analyze the melancholy neurosis of Echeverría and the paranoiac neurosis of Sarmiento; to form an estimate of the diverse success of *Stella* and of *La gloria de don Romiro*; to follow the powerful evolution of our press, from the printing shop of the Casa de Expósitos<sup>17</sup> to the present profusion of dailies and reviews; to understand the relations between the book shop and the author, and his public, in order to throw light on the economic and moral aspects of our problem of publication, by tracing in passing the silhouette of booksellers as different as the noble Casavalle and the niggardly Garnier; to describe our ephemeral literary salons, our societies of ideals and of arts, such as the Asociación de Mayo and the Ateneo of Buenos Aires; to show the transformation of our theaters as a social custom, from the humble Casa de Comedias of the eighteenth century to the present scenarios of foreign drama and opera; to discover what, beneath a glitter

of worldly culture, there is in our environment of foreign transplantations and aboriginal ignorance; to elucidate the influence of travels, both of those that have brought to us celebrated writers like France and those that have taken from us to Europe workers as valuable as wandering Ángel Estrada; to cause, in a word, all these scattered facts to unite through a vital and continuous relation in order to teach us how came to be envolved in Argentina the "literary life" until it reached forms of the most intense creation: behold, the ideal thesis or lesson that must link books and authors throughout this history.

One frequently hears it said that our literature has declined. Not long ago an illustrious man, a former minister of public instruction, went so far as to affirm it in the press. I note, however, that the books of the country used to be given away and that now they have a market; that our organs of publicity are supported by a continuous production; that a national theater, which we lacked in earlier times, has been begun or is beginning to be developed; that ten authors, respected for their work, have succeeded in making of literature a function apart from the legal or military profession and from medicine or politics. My thesis is optimistic, but optimistic because of hope. It is a dangerous patriotism that denies the work of the present and turns the eyes to the golden ages of a chimerical past. Only upon condition of confessing to ourselves this humble origin can we make the study of Argentine literature a school of patriotic faith and esthetic instruction. Long is the way that yet remains for us to travel, and if we are still far from the ideal of culture which we pursue, it is not because we have gone backward, but because we began very far behind. Let us praise the *Triunfo argentino*, for example; but let us recognize that its stanzas are illuminated by the glory of the martial prowess sung in them. Let us not confuse civic heroism with intellectual heroism. Nor let us confound, in this literary inventory, the useful and the doctrinaire work of thinkers with the emotional achievements of poets. Finally, let us not confuse, in going

<sup>17</sup>A home for foundlings: not infrequently arts and crafts form a part of the occupation of the more advanced pupils.—THE EDITOR.

over the revolution, the proscription and the organization, the glory, in general scarce, of their "literary" work, with the glory that their authors won upon fields of battle, in parliaments, in government, in the press. We have to-day, or we are endeavoring to have, a lyric poetry, a novel, a theater, paralleling our politics, such as civilized nations have. This esthetic conception, this technical discipline, this function "organically" exercised in Argentine society, is a victory of the last decades, that is, of the present generations. The history that shows us this progress in our literary life must educate us in faith in labor, and in hope for periods more brilliant because of the beauty and maturity of future works.

## VII

The international influence of the great esthetic renewals within a literature is wont to react upon other literatures, spreading among several peoples the influence of art. The habitual communication of some nations with others or the work of a daring poet usually conduces, through the medium of different languages, to literary revolution. Thus are diffused their ideals or their canons, and what sprang up in Italy or Germany becomes a European school. The lyrical reform of Garcilaso and Boscán in Spain recognizes its roots in the Italy of the Renaissance, and the latter, which lent her models to Spain, molded them not a little upon the renescent Greek and Latin forms; it was so, for example, with the bucolic poetry. We could say the same about romanticism, which was born in France but conceived in Germany, and afterward spread through such diverse and remote parts of the world.

The American peoples being endowed with European languages, all their literary renewals have been echoed on this side of the Atlantic. The English of the United States, the Portuguese of Brazil and the Spanish of the rest of the New World have been the natural vehicles that brought to these new nations the ideas that were giving renown to letters among the nations whence they originated. At other times the initial influence passed, not now from a European nation to Spain and from her

to America, but it was brought from the foreign language to ours by some American innovator, as occurred with Echeverría, who, educated in France, brought to the Plata the romanticism of 1850, or with Rubén Darío, who discovered modernism in Paris about the year 1892. Sometimes Spanish mediation was exclusive, as may be seen in the classicism of the eighteenth century: Lebardén, Luca, López, Lafinur, Varela; at others, it was fused with the French influence of Victor Hugo and the English influence of Byron, through the poet Echeverría, as is seen in the romanticism already indicated; again, the renovating influence came first to the Plata, and from America it traveled to Spain, as occurred with modernism, as is to-day recognized by the critics of Rueda, Marquina, Valle Inclán and Francisco Villaespesa.

A country as susceptible to international influences as the Argentine republic, and that has been subject to them from her beginning, in economics, in military affairs, in government, could not withdraw herself from foreign revolutions in a realm as diffusive and vibrating as is that of art and its ideals. So the literary history of the republic may be divided according to its esthetic cycles, in the same manner as we have divided it, according to its chronological periods. These latter place our literature in a parallelism with the social environment in which it has been formed; while its esthetic cycles bring it into conformity with the philosophy of European art. Of those esthetic schools, there have been three that have exerted an influence upon the Plata: classicism, romanticism, modernism.

Perhaps I might with propriety say that only the latter two have renewed our letters, as classicism was consubstantial with our literary beginnings. It came with the course of Latinity that supplied a knowledge of rhetoric in the eighteenth century. It was the scholastic and conventional form that survived the glory of the Renaissance. The Colegio de San Carlos and the university were its canons. The Jesuit teachers and the Spanish poets of the decadence set the fashion of imitation. No one felt and thought for himself.



The hyperbaton frequently compelled the spontaneous and elegant association of ideas. Mythological nomenclature, learned practically in Vergil and Ovid, took the place of the direct vision of nature. The ocean was called Neptune; love, Venus; war, Mars and even Mavorte. The name of Mars sounds in the verses of the "National Hymn," in spite of the robust regional sentiment that thrills in it. People were taught to imitate from the classics the form of their works, for us inexpressive and dry, and not the feeling for the nature that had created them. Formula and conception in the work of the poets were substituted for emotion and imagery. What had been "classic" became "classicism." The law became a rule; harmony lived by the universal mechanical equilibrium. Therefore, in the midst of the general timidity, Labardén's ode to the Paraná sounded like a new and audacious thing:

Come, sacred river, impulse grant to waken  
The glow of inspiration; with it in me throbbing,  
As thy waters sweep, so may run my verses.

More surprise even ought to have been caused by those verses of *La cautiva*, through whose first *décima*<sup>18</sup> now entered triumphant and glorious the infinite vision of the pampa, the moist light of the Argentine skies, the rural aroma of the straw ricks, the stud of horses fleeing from the bands of Indians, as if one should push back the horizon of the local life, or open the window of the scholastic cloister:

It was evening and the hour  
In which the sun yon crest was gilding  
Of the Andes . . .

or those other lines that run:

The wandering tribe would sometimes,  
Astride their spirited fillies,  
Whose unconquered manes outspreading  
Float upon the gentle zephyrs,  
Cross, like a whirlwind, madly,  
And pass; or their tented village  
Over the luxuriant grasses  
Would settle, awaiting daybreak.

<sup>18</sup>A metrical combination of ten octosyllabic verses, in which usually the first verse rimes with the fourth and fifth; the second, with the third; the sixth, with the seventh and tenth; and the eighth, with the ninth.

—THE EDITOR.

Romanticism consisted of this: a strong sentiment of liberty in life, which was translated by liberty of the feelings in art. The new school, a cyclical renewal of emotions, customs and ideas, generated a politics, a philosophy, a dress. It rehabilitated passion and brought back a feeling for nature. All the proscribed envisioned a romantic destiny and they upheld it in real life, involuntarily, before cultivating it as an esthetic doctrine. Sarmiento had first abandoned San Juan and afterward written *Facundo*. Mármol had abandoned Buenos Aires and afterward written *Amalia*. No doctrine accommodated itself better to that moment of our history, in which superior souls wandered abroad, very miserable, proscribed, homesick for their country and their sweethearts, gallant fighters of despotism, valiant visionaries of liberty. No stage was better adapted to the exigencies of that school, which incorporated in its poems and its novels the beings and scenes of virgin soils, than this land of the New World where the very masters of literature of the kind in Europe, Chateaubriand and Hugo, had found a theme for legends and songs.

## VIII

It is known that romanticism was followed, at least in certain respects, by the naturalism of Zola. This master had numerous readers in the Argentine republic, but he had no proselytes. There appeared in Buenos Aires Castilian versions of some of his works, at the same time that he was issuing in Europe his editions in French. This indicates the measure of the extensiveness of his public, so enthusiastic ten years ago and to-day almost forgetful of him, as a reaction of esthetic neo-idealism against the grossness of his school. Perhaps this is due to the fact that we are still wanting in novelists, although we have here and there a novel, one very significant as a document of environment and a cruel reflection of our political customs. I refer to Roberto Payró's *Nieto de Juan Moreira*.

Differing from naturalism, modernism has profoundly influenced our literature.

It is a school that has come to us through the French writers: Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine, Albert Semain, Jules Laforgue, Rachilde, Gourmont, France and, later, the Italian d'Annunzio, the English Oscar Wilde, the Portuguese Eugenio de Castro, the Yankee Walt Whitman and, as the precursor of all, Poe.

This last renewal has received different names in Europe and America. Founded upon an individualistic philosophy, the "chapels" multiplied. A school of idealism, liberty and fantasy, it has cherished not a few grotesque extravagances. As a school of renovation and struggle, it has fought in all arenas and received names in mockery. In it have been "instrumentalists," "free-versers," and "decadents," which is, with "deliquescents," their most popular denomination. Its results have been worthy of consideration in the technique of prose and verse, and its influence has been felt in the press, in the story and in criticism. Modernism had as its center the Ateneo in the Calle Florida, and as its history is an event of our days, we can not yet formulate a disinterested judgment.

On the other hand, it is proper and easy to point out in this paragraph, apropos of esthetic revolutions, two characteristics of our literary revolution: I refer to the synchronism of our lyric poetry with that of the same kind in all Spanish America; and to the elements of a regional, indigenous, poetry that has struggled to maintain itself and flourish parallelly with the exotic schools.

The first of these characteristics has been revealed by a common way of thinking and singing, which unites as by a family air all the poets of Hispano America in the successive periods of our literary evolution. I mean to indicate by this an evident characteristic of our lyric poetry and not other kinds, as our embryonic national theater is a Rioplatensian regional phenomenon, exclusive and genuine; while similar localizations could be demonstrated in our prose, doctrinaire and narrative, by works such as *Facundo*, *Amalia*, *Juvenilla* and *Las bases*. Lyric poetry, on the other hand, has vibrated to the more general themes and emotions that swept over it from México to the Plata

at each new period. Perhaps it may be said that this generality of the methods of song includes also the poets of Spain, as if it were a question of common renovations of all the contemporary soul or of currents of life that move through the whole language. Therefore, when a great poet has appeared in Buenos Aires, he has had followers and impugners in the torrid regions of the north, and the inverse phenomenon has occurred in the south, if the poet appeared in Caracas or León. American youth of the class room and love affairs has always been the vigilant indicator, solidary and sensitive to such advents of the race. Thence comes the fame of Manuel Acuña in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, that of Andrade in México and Habana. It is that there exists a Spanish-American poetry; first, classic, then, romantic, to-day, modernistic. When the poet José Asunción Silva moaned in Bogotá his desolating *Nocturnos*, all America heard him with religious silence, in the same way as when Olmedo, at the beginning of the century, raised in Ecuador the *Canto a la victoria de Junín*, all America listened to the stanzas that begin:

The horrid thunder that in clamor bellows  
And mounts with dull reverberations upward  
To the flaming firmament  
Proclaims to God that in the heavens governs.

In truth, the Pindaric accents of this form seemed to come from the earlier odes of Quintana, and they even continued to echo down to the days of the *Prometeo* and the *Atlántida*, as if these accents spread with reverberations, according to the expression of his own verse, through the lyric "flaming firmament" of a single language and a single race.

A very different character from all this is presented to us by that other phase of Argentine poetry, which I have already defined as an indigenous tendency to grow and flourish independently of esthetic fashions, exotic influences, the internationalism proper to our language. I refer to "gauchesque literature."

The history of our literary evolution could not do without Ascasubi, José Hernández, Estanislao del Campo, as the founders of a poetry that tended to reflect,



by its simplicity of narrative, accuracy of description, regionalism of vocabulary, the life and customs, the spirit of our gauchos and the emotion of the native pampas and forests. Under its rude appearance, the work of such poets contains original germs of a strong and wholesome national literature. Disdained still by a part of our people, they have won the applause of the most severe Spanish critics. This is significant, and if they do not achieve a definite esthetic ideal, they at least serve to mark the way and they present to Argentine criticism one of the most profound and complicated problems: to know in what proportion ought to be given admission to this tendency in our future literature and in the ideals of a national art.

Of the three poets mentioned, José Hernández, with his *Martín Fierro*, is the one who excelled, and I should almost say that the manner was saved in him. Ascasubi lacked his instinctive and sprightly vigor; and del Campo his spontaneousness and realism. If such are his qualities of technique, form and color, *Martín Fierro* becomes, by reason of its unity and subject, for the Argentine nation, something very analagous to what the *Cantar de myo Cid* is for the Spanish race.

Bartolomé Hidalgo had been the nominal precursor of gauchesque poetry on the Plata; but that kind existed from the romances that found their inspiration the English invasions, and perhaps in them may exist the bond that unites it to the elements of the popular verse and that of the plains.

After *Martín Fierro*, the gauchesque form seems not to have prospered in Argentine verse. The cultivated tendencies have succeeded in it, but, on the other hand, the real emotion that inspired the great poem of Hernández has burst out anew in the theater and in narrative prose, forms in which it did not express itself earlier. This is what is revealed to us

by the works of Joaquín González, Martiniano Leguizamón, Florencio Sánchez, Fray Mocho, Roberto Payró, dramatists and narrators of our days. It seems that in them are to be preserved the emotions of our native land, unless, in order to continue living in verse, they assume the form of the cultivated stanza, as occurs in the poems of Rafael Obligado. *Martín Fierro* has served as the literary type of a social moment. To-day we could not revive it, except by intellectual or conscious and not by emotional means.

Such I conceive to be the history of our literature, not as a bibliographical chronicle, but as a part of general history, animated in the midst of the life of the people and their civilization. A scheme such as this would be very useful, not only as a complement of university culture for our doctors of letters, but also as a professional instrument for the teachers of our secondary schools.

Four years ago I had the honor to inaugurate in the universities of my country studies of this kind, which concern not only the professional ends of higher instruction, but also the mission of affirming and establishing before the whole country the idea that we have a literary history, explaining by it the very consciousness of our nationality and pointing out to young writers the humble origin whence we came and the supreme forces which, in soil and in tradition, await its fructifying labor. A truth will strengthen my utterance as I go through our history, and it is that the poets have always been the commentators and the forerunners of all the Argentine transformations.

Our fathers called Buenos Aires the Athens of the Plata. Let us not forget it, and let us not forget that in the ancient Athens the simulacrum of Pallas crowned the Acropolis, as a symbol of Hellenic traditions and ideals.



# THE YOUNG WRITERS OF COLOMBIA

BY

GONZALO PARÍS

The author holds that the attribution of literary superiority to Colombia, his native country, has been, harmful by abating national effort, while the other peoples of the south were pressing vigorously and systematically forward; nevertheless, he finds comfort in the existence of a considerable number of young journalists, magazine writers, critics and historians who are working together seriously for self-development and self-expression and who give good promise for the future.—THE EDITOR.

MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO once announced that in time Bogotá would become the Athens of South America, and this literary prophecy has done us much harm. Many Colombians, impatient or self-absorbed, hastened to assume this flattering prognostic to be an accomplished fact, and they diligently spread the belief that there was in Spanish America no people that excelled us in point of scientific progress and literary and artistic advancement. Since then any one who has put together a stanza or written a story has deemed himself to be an Arcadian. Little by little we were invaded by a proud intellectual indolence. Our literary production visibly declined, and we suddenly discovered that we were not the haughty Athens discerned by the critic of Santander, but an absolute Bœotia. While we were living inflated by the myth of the Athens of the south, in the other American countries of Spanish speech they were studying and writing profusely; and while our men were given over wholly to political agitation, in which they could cut a fine figure with a relatively slight effort, the habit of mental work, which we were losing, took up its abode in other latitudes, where it has led to the production of an enviable culture. To-day it causes sadness to compare our limited output with that of the more southerly countries. Thence there frequently come well conceived books and excellent reviews, while here we pass years without any of the writers whom we have classified among our best enriching our national letters by a single volume. It may be said that we confine ourselves to the ephemeral literature of the periodical, and that the columns of the dailies and the pages of a

few reviews are the only exponents of our intellectual activity.

Our stormy political life and the poverty in which the country has been plunged for long years are factors that must be taken into account when we study the decadence of Colombian letters. Not the least among the sins that weigh upon our anachronistic parties is that of having thrust into the cultivation of the noble arts many richly endowed geniuses, in order to reduce them to sterility in the transactions of politics, almost always petty and of slight spiritual essence. This evil goddess who, according to Rufino José Cuervo, lacks both reason and heart, has eaten away from our young men the best part of their souls, rendered them incapable of many lofty enterprises and divided them by persistent hatreds. There has been fulfilled here the saying about literary fraternities being turned into political meetings and even into religious communions, and an environment has been created that is totally unpropitious to the tranquil labors of the intellect. Nevertheless, although the environment be one of monotony and uncouthness, there is no dearth of select souls who accomplish valuable work. We are going to treat of them here, referring only to the young men. Among them reigns inharmony, it is true; they all dwell in isolation, they hesitate in the selection of definitive routes, they lack external stimulus; but perhaps these very circumstances render the work they are accomplishing more worthy of praise.

## THE JOURNALISTS

Journalism has achieved no great development in Colombia. The most of our newspapers have grown up in response to



the political demands of the hour; hence they have been enterprises without effective organization, flourishing for a day. At present the dailies, at least the principal ones of Bogotá, already begin to have stability and to give signs of indefinite duration.

The journalistic career has not existed in Colombia. We have had great journalists, but the profession has not succeeded in getting clear of its period of struggles. Remunerative newspaper work is almost unknown, and there persists in our periodical sheets a certain odious parochial tone which is exhibited, above all, in political campaigns and propaganda.

Among the young newspaper men, the one who has won the greatest esteem and who has had the most rapid career is Eduardo Santos. He studied law at the university of Bogotá and then he went to Europe. Contact with the civilization of the countries that occupy the first place in general culture, and the studies he pursued in the Free school of Social Sciences in Paris matured his insatiably inquisitive spirit. There he made his first essays as a journalist. He became associated with Gómez Carrillo,<sup>1</sup> and Gómez Carrillo had him to write for *El Liberal*, of Madrid. The first chronicles that appeared in that daily, signed Leonardo Marini, were from the pen of Santos. It is known that this signature was a pseudonym, and that behind it Gómez Carrillo has caused several writers to take refuge.

Pérez Triana<sup>2</sup> discerned the gifts of Santos for journalism and always counseled him to follow it as a career. When Santos returned to Colombia, he worked on *El Tiempo*, a daily that had been founded by Alfonso Villegas Restrepo and that struggled bravely against the historic parties and in favor of the honest and much opposed government of don Carlos E. Restrepo. When Villegas withdrew from the paper, it passed into the hands of Santos, who continues to be its proprietor and director.

Santos has assured the stability of *El Tiempo*, and he has succeeded in making it the most serious and best served newspaper of Bogotá. The great progressive aspirations of the country, both in respect of public instruction and with reference to the army, ways of communication and electoral institutions, have had in him a tenacious and far-sighted champion. In keeping abreast of the times, few equal him. Nourished as he was upon readings from the French, they have left a visible influence upon his style, which, if it at times loses its chasteness, never fails to be brilliant and vigorous. Occasionally he gives indications of too crude a Renanism, and it is clear he will never be a man of action. The agitations of politics do not seduce him, and he even seems to fear he will lose somewhat of his intellectual aristocracy if he descends to the public forum in order to lead the multitudes. Without being one, he makes pretense every now and then to be somewhat of a Nietzsche, and in some of his writings a tinge of insincerity is perceptible. His idealistic preachments, however, and his propaganda of ideas will contribute to the culture of this people much more than a hundred discourses of our parliamentarians. We forgot to say that Santos has not yet reached what he calls "the sadness of the thirties."

One of our most sprightly journalists, and beyond dispute one of the clearest and most cultivated brains of the new generation, is Tomás Márquez. He has written for publication from his earliest youth, and he writes copiously, although his continuous journalistic effort has not prevented the marvelous enrichment of his intellect. Although poor, the cares of creature existence have never disturbed him, because he is content with little, bare food and clothing. He has never had the weaknesses of the dandy, nor has the desire to shine in drawing-rooms caused him to lose his head. Books and ideas, which are his delight, suffice to make him happy. He was the soul of *La Organización*, of Medellín, a periodical that had no peer in this republic and which, during the brief years of its existence, achieved a gigantic work for freedom of thought and the mod-

<sup>1</sup>A Central American journalist, long resident in Europe.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>A Venezuelan journalist, long resident in Europe, and one of the editors of *Hispania*, of London, which suspended its publication after the breaking out of the war: he died about the end of 1916.—THE EDITOR.

ernizing of Colombian liberalism, being the organ of a group of lofty thinkers and unselfish hearts, which unfortunately was shattered against the mountains of prejudice that shut in our horizon. The articles of Márquez, if he should collect them, would fill many volumes. His book, *La cartera de Andrés* (Andrew's Wallet), which he preserves inedited and of which the first chapters were issued in the dailies of Bogotá and Medellín, will be a literary event when he publishes it.

Márquez is at the height of his intellectual maturity. He is a tireless worker, a student with the consecration of a Benedictine. Literature, our public finance and our international questions have been the favorite themes of his writings. Also he has gleaned somewhat in the field of poetry and he has taken a hand in the noisy strife of politics. His style, formed in intimate acquaintance with the Spanish classics, is one of the purest of which Colombian letters can boast.

Luis Cano, who directs *El Espectador*, of Bogotá, is a journalist of the modern type, combative and very able in the manipulation of irony.

Perhaps there is not in the country a journalist who writes with the depth of learning and the wealth of style that Jesús Tobón Quintero puts into the *Correo Liberal*, of Medellín. He was one of the editors of *La Organización*, which we have already mentioned, and in *El Correo*, whose director he is, he has been able to preserve the exquisite flavor of modernity, the elevation of views, the knightly spirit, the intellectual probity, that characterized that daily, which, in an evil hour, was done to death by political barbarity and religious fanaticism.

Julio H. Palacio belongs rather to an earlier generation; but the freshness of spirit which he reveals in his writings, all of which are of a rare vigor, enables us to classify him among the young journalists. He made his first campaign at the side of that illustrious statesman who was called Rafael Núñez, and to whom the new generation begins to do justice; he took part in stirring political struggles, occupied high administrative and diplomatic posts and at length he has returned to journal-

ism. *La Nación*, of Barranquilla, lived for some time by the strength which his pen imparted to it, and to-day he contributes to *El Día*, of the same city. He is a prose writer with a fine strain; he possesses a very broad culture; he selects his subjects with rare skill; and he promotes, from a field in which there reigns the most gloomy intransigence, a praiseworthy labor of pacification and tolerance.

In our fluctuating democracy, Enrique Olaya Herrera had his days of glory and wild popularity. When he turned to journalism last year, he was awaited with longing, and his coming was anticipated with applause. The combative writer of other days, the fiery paladin of *El Comercio* and *El Mercurio*, the dauntless editorial writer of the *Gaceta Republicana*, seemed to have quieted down, as if he had brought from Chile a little of the Saxon that characterizes the sons of that republic. He brought moderation, in truth, and he also came with faint-heartedness and pessimism. Did he regard us Colombians as very small, as he viewed us from the republics of the south? Did the backward Colombian reality grate harshly upon his sensibility, which had been in contact with the culture of the southern countries?

Olaya Herrera is one of the young men who have had here most brilliant careers in the press and in politics. He had a precocious liking for journalism, and even as a child he wrote in his native town of Guateque for a sheet which he sent in manuscript to the principal newspapers of the country and which gained for him warm eulogies. His activities in the press of the capital, just after the close of the last civil war, in behalf of the vanquished in the struggle and in favor of legal equality as a defense of the civil rights of the liberals, won him reputation while he was still studying law in the Universidad Republicana. It was in 1909 that he attained an enviable position, at the beginning of the reaction against the dictatorship of don Rafael Reyes. Olaya was the spokesman for the celebrated "campaigns of March," which brought the dictator down; he underwent exile and imprisonment, and upon the inauguration of the republican and legalist government of don Carlos E.



Restrepo, he was intrusted with the portfolio of foreign relations. In this position, it was his lot to cope with very grave emergencies and to deal with the delicate international situation created by an encounter between the Peruvian troops of the line and a small Colombian custom-house guard at Bajo Caquetá. In the congress of that year—1911—he had to encounter a strong opposition, led by the eminent parliamentarian Rafael Uribe Uribe. He defended himself valiantly in a senate and house that were becoming angry with him; and if he did not come off victorious, he at least was not crushed, and he parried the blows with sovereign ability. Afterward he served as minister plenipotentiary in Chile and Argentina.

It was he who introduced into Colombia the modern improvements in journalism. The first linotypes that came to the country were brought by Olaya Herrera for the *Gaceta Republicana*, and he introduced the first rotary press for the newspaper he now directs, *El Diario Nacional*.

Esteban Rodríguez Triana has retired from journalism and from Bohemianism to go to the Pacific littoral as *visitador de hacienda*.<sup>3</sup> He is a journalist by vocation, one of the clearest and chastest writers we have, and he possesses a vast erudition and a surprising talent. He turns out an article of depth, teeming with ideas and learning, as readily as he strings together a light chronicle or weaves a serio-comic *entre-filets*. We have not lost the hope of seeing him again in a field which, if it is ungrateful at times, has already yielded him many noisy victories and which reserves for him flattering successes. Rodríguez Triana—"the black," as his familiars call him—will doubtless cure himself of his Bohemianism beneath the canicular sun of the Cauca valley and the coasts of the sea of Balboa, and he will return to Bogotá, reconciled to wise living, to let us taste the savory fruit of his privileged intelligence.

Armando Solano, the editorial writer of *La Patria*, of Bogotá, has one of the cleverest pens of which political journalism boasts among us. When he casts aside occasion-

ally the affairs of our paltry politics and undertakes works of social criticism, he attains enviable heights.

Less showy than Solano, but with similar ideological tendencies, is Enrique Santos, the director of *La Linterna*, of Tunja, who has carried on in this paper an active and admirable work of culture.

Gonzalo Restrepo is a young writer recently come to light, with fine intellectual gifts and an attractive style. If he is not turned aside by politics and if life does not to-morrow force him to give up the pen, he will shortly be one of our most brilliant journalists.

There are also several young men who, without being professionals in journalism, write often for the dailies. At the head of them all is Luis Serrano Blanco, a master of prose, who has snatched many secrets from the classics. He fed his youth upon Seneca, Montaigne and Pascal, and *Azorín* has exercised a beneficent influence over him. He has written:

My spiritual cravings may even verge on the pedantic, but they are not very hurtful; they are confined to a kind of intellectual curiosity; to the cultivation of my spirit in such a manner that it shall become insensible to all the small things of the world and remain open to the enjoyment and admiration of all the great things: to soft, ironical laughter at certain attitudes, certain positions, certain personages. Irony and pity: the one, that life may be made agreeable to us by laughing at it; the other, that it may, by causing us to weep, render us sensitive!

He believes, with Pascal, that one is happier in proportion as he limits his world, and that perfect happiness would consist in reducing life to the four walls of one's room; he regards spiritual liberty as the greatest of all boons; and he holds that to think well, to work well and to laugh a little at everything, quizzically, is the best philosophy. This little philosopher has ahead of him the most inviting of futures, and it is certain that if the sadness of failure should overtake him some day, he would console himself with the precious treasures of doubt and resignation bequeathed to us, the humble and the simple, by the mayor of Bordeaux.

Luis E. Nieto Caballero is a very prolific writer, and he has shown that he possesses

<sup>3</sup>Surveyor of the treasury department.—THE EDITOR.

fine gifts as a polemist. Educated in Switzerland and France, he has built upon solid foundations a fine structure of wisdom and erudition. It is a pity that he has devoted his talents to subjects of slight importance, and that the frivolity with which he selects and attacks subjects has given ground for the opinion that but few of his pages will survive.

Alfonso López writes frequently on politics in some of the newspapers of Bogotá. He is not a chaste writer and he will never be a stylist. He possesses, on the other hand, a logical vigor that subjugates and a clarity of ideas that makes even the least perspicacious understand. His style is that of the men of his profession, that of merchants and bankers.

Luis A. Galofre is combative and he has done no little reading, of a but slightly methodical character, according to appearances. There survive in him, unfortunately, the least estimable characteristics of our old radical writers.

We can not say that we have at present journalists of the type that create an epoch in the newspaper history of a nation. The last two of this kind that made Columbia illustrious—José Camacho Carrizosa and Carlos Arturo Torres—died a short time ago; but among the new writers of whom we have been speaking there are doubtless concealed more than one future master.

Speaking of journals and periodical publications, it is not possible to pass over in silence the magazine *Cultura* and its founders and editors.

Let us recall how this monthly review was established. We go back to the end of 1914. Luis López de Mesa felt the need of an organ of publicity that would enable the young men to devote their minds to the development of their inner longings, to the full accomplishment of their vocation. Often the reading of a book, the knowledge of an event, a simple exchange of ideas with a friend, awakened in him an emotion. He wished to record that emotion upon paper and send it forth to touch other souls and take possession of them. Many minds, stirred by the same emotion, might cause it to crystallize, to-day or to-morrow, in some enduring undertaking.

It happened, however, that, as he seated himself at his work table, he thought: Where shall I publish what I am going to write? As he could not give this question an immediate and precise answer that would impart momentum to the enterprise without delay, he decided to save his emotion for the next morning; but the next day there was "neither production nor emotion:" not a line written upon paper, nor in the mind a trace of the stress undergone the day before.

Thus to waste these plenitudes, these overflowings of the soul—was it not to subtract from the patria something that might be useful to her, something that she might need? To gather them up, on the contrary, in order by them to aid in the crystallizing of values that existed in the heart and mind of the nation—was not this a good work, a generous deed, more even, the fulfilment of a pressing duty? The idea of founding a review arose in this manner. López de Mesa communicated it to other young men, alike studious, and, like him, with an abundance of intellectual nourishment, throbbing, like him, with great longings. They recognized that they agreed in their tendencies and aspirations and they saw that the foundation of a review would supply a spiritual want for all of them. They hunted up a name to give it; and in February, 1915, the first number appeared, finely printed, with an heraldic title-page. The founders said:

We have felt the remote stirring of a culture that seduces us. Fearing that the beneficent enthusiasm may be extinguished in our souls, we send forth this magazine as an organ of the good vouchsafed us by that culture.

How was *Cultura* received? The dailies of Bogotá showered upon it applause and stirring eulogies; the like was done by the principal newspapers of the *departamentos*. A review such as that, however, in an environment like ours, must, of course, have a very limited world. It was impossible for it to have the success of an electoral newspaper or even the staid popularity of a pamphlet newspaper of halting verses. Its founders knew this, and they were not surprised that at the end of the first series of six numbers the balance-sheet



showed a deficit of six hundred *pesos*. What difference did it make?

*Cultura* went ahead. When it rounded out its first year, López de Mesa had to go to Boston to finish his medical studies. Some of his colleagues set out on a trip to Europe. During this temporary dispersion, it fell to the lot of Gustavo Santos to take charge of the review and prevent the fine enterprise from meeting an untimely end. When it completed the third series, *Cultura* suspended. Reorganized now, it continues its career. The present editors cherish very fond hopes and they entertain designs that they will doubtless be able to realize. One of these is the publication of a library of national authors. We have already said that *Cultura* is a magazine for the few, because among us there is a dearth of men who think profoundly, study with eagerness and let themselves be dominated by a desire for their own perfection and the collective betterment.

A few months ago, when Agustín Nieto Caballero, one of the founders of the review, arrived from Europe, we took occasion to speak with him regarding *Cultura*. He related to us with intense satisfaction, how, in some European intellectual centers, they had come to appreciate it more than we ourselves did; and he related to us many little details that gave encouragement to the young men engaged in carrying on this publication. As he steamed toward the Old World, he chanced in the boat upon a young Barcelonan, cultivated and studious. They talked about Colombian affairs, and Nieto Caballero handed him a copy of *Cultura* one morning. That night he learned that the Barcelonan had read through the number three times with admiration, and he had the pleasure of hearing him say that from what he knew regarding the doctrine of evolution, there was nothing so complete or so profound as the study by López de Mesa that had been published in the number. From the lips of Francisco García Calderón he heard warm praise of the review, and don Rafael Altamira urged him not to permit the extinguishment of what he considered a beacon set up in South America by Colombian writers. In the literary gathering that assembles in the library of Vic-

toriano Suárez and which is participated in by the flower of the Madrilanian intellectuality, beginning with Menéndez Pidal and Ramón y Cajal, he also heard expressions of praise and encouragement for the maintainers of *Cultura*.

Émile Boutroux, the eminent French master, has sent to the review cordial tokens of sympathy, and the *Bulletin de la Bibliothèque américaine*, of the Sorbonne, has mentioned it with praise and reproduced extensive selections from it. A young English soldier wrote from the trenches of France to express admiration for the Bogotanian review; North American publications of repute have reproduced articles from it; a Brazilian daily qualified it a short time ago as the only one of its kind in Hispano America. As may be seen, *Cultura* is restoring our declining intellectual prestige abroad.

In the new period that has begun, *Cultura* is still animated by the same spirit that glowed in it from its foundation. It continues to be a channel through which the essence of remote cultures comes to us. As at the beginning, its editors desire to press forward in their labors without detaching themselves from the native soil and without breaking with the racial spirit that has modeled their souls. They continue to believe that the powerful Colombian mentality only needs the enrichment of a persevering activity in order to make of our country a national exemplar among the Latin-American peoples; and there persists in them the will to contribute to the effort that is to give a definitive direction to the Colombian spirit. They possess sufficient ability for this enterprise and, above all, the consciousness of the duty of adding their contingent as members of a generation that has not yet completed its task for the patria.

In addition to López de Mesa, the soul of the magazine, a profound philosopher, endowed with extraordinary power of abstraction, and a notable physician, the founders of *Cultura* were: Agustín Nieto Caballero, more a man of action than a writer, deeply versed in questions of pedagogy and education; Alberto Coradine, a writer of good quality; Alfonso Palau, a specialist in questions of economics and

finance; Manuel A. Carvajal, a man of letters and a jurisconsult; Melitón Escobar Larrazábal, learned in questions of international law and economy; Raimundo Rivas, our most brilliant and profound historiographer; Tomás Rueda Vargas, who is in intimacy a Pío Baroja and who has concerned himself assiduously with the reformation of our army; Ciro Molino Garcés, a man of letters like Coradine and a good critic; Alberto Aparicio and Miguel Santiago Valencia.

Almost all the present editors are those who played a part from its foundation, and to them have been added Gustavo Santos, a fine artistic spirit, who has a preference for letters and music; and Rafael Escallón, one of the most gallant figures of the Colombian youth and our highest authority in penal law.

The *Revista Moderna*, founded in 1915 by Emilio Cuervo Márquez and Alfredo Ramos Urdaneta, two intellectuals of the first rank, who for a period of two years carried on an intelligent enterprise, is temporarily suspended at present.

The *Revista Contemporánea*, founded and directed in Cartagena by Gabriel Porras Troconis, a veteran journalist, begins now to be known throughout the country, and it has collaborators that would honor any publication of its kind.

#### CRITICS AND HISTORIOGRAPHERS

Literary criticism in Colombia has fine traditions. The studies of don Miguel A. Caro, still scattered,<sup>4</sup> are a monument to the literature of our country. Although Merchán was a Cuban by birth, we may consider his critical work ours, as it was all produced here during the long years he spent in Bogotá. The works of Víctor M. Lodoño and Max. Grillo are much esteemed, and those of don Antonio Gómez Restrepo,<sup>5</sup> the highest master that remains

among us in literary questions, surpass all competition.

Among the young men, regarding whom we are concerning ourselves, the critic who has published the best essays and the one who gives the greatest promise is the Cartagenian, don Fernando de la Vega. Such of his pages as are known to us reveal an exquisite taste, an acute critical sense and a methodically trained intellect. His study of Julián del Casal is the best and most complete work that he has published. De la Vega does not engage in impressionistic, but modern, profound, erudite and comprehensive criticism.<sup>6</sup>

Gustavo Santos has published many valuable pages of literary and artistic criticism. For this difficult function he is well prepared by abundant reading and by travels for study that strengthened his sound judgment and purified his taste. Luis Serrano Blanco is another who has published good critical studies, and he seems to be well prepared for the task of analyzing books and ideas, a vast and complex task, for which mere literary knowledge is not sufficient. Arturo de Carriarte has written:

Sociology in its vast warp, politics in its elevated sense, the minute knowledge of facts, both of the period contemporary with the author and of the work under study and of the details of his life, the circumstances in which the work appeared, the study of the literature of that unit of time, all this, which involves an immense notion, a vast accumulation of notions, is indispensable to satisfy the demands of the public, and even of the learned themselves, who are not satisfied with a particular analysis of a work, but exact the relativity of the deductions to which the work criticized may conduce.

Less eminent than those mentioned is Ciro Molino Garcés, in whom may be observed subtle judgment, and who possesses a culture well founded upon classic studies. It is to be regretted that Eduardo Santos, whose writings upon

<sup>4</sup>The publication of the *Obras completas de don Miguel Antonio Caro* was begun on the presses of the Imprenta Nacional of Bogotá in 1918, under the direction of don Víctor E. Caro and don Antonio Gómez Restrepo, with the issuance of the first volume of 439 pages, quarto.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Señor Antonio Gómez Restrepo does INTER-AMERICA the honor to serve on its International Advisory Editorial Committee. See INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918, page 194, biographical data.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The brilliant prologue of our great José Enrique Varona to the next book of the señor de la Vega, *Artículos y discursos*, was published by *Cuba Contemporánea* in its number of last September, Volume XV, pages 33-57, under the title: *La crítica en crisis*, and it has been very diversely commented upon by periodicals as important and as dissimilar as *El Día* and the *Diario de la Marina*.—Note of the Director of *Cuba Contemporánea*.



Joaquín Costa and Anatole France display the lion's claw, has not further cultivated this manner and that he has devoted himself entirely to journalistic comment upon political life.

Criticism has a very high mission to discharge in countries like our republic, of slight culture, or rather, that are creating their culture and modeling their national soul. Its task is to gather in a single group the multitude of scattered sensations and form a Colombian spiritual unity. For this purpose it needs, above everything, to attend preferably to the national and not to despise or forget it in order to pursue whatever of good comes to us from abroad. The former must be attended to, without overlooking the latter.

Interest in the study of national history developed almost simultaneously among the Hispano-American nations at the beginning of this century. Colombia entered the current from the beginning. Don José Joaquín Casas, a poet of exalted inspiration, a writer of pure and chaste prose, whose prematurely silvered locks were consecrated by the dignity of a long educational task, founded in 1901, while he was minister of public instruction, the Academia Nacional de Historia as an official institution. This body has gathered to its bosom all those of the capital who gave any attention to historical studies; and it has secured the establishment of centers of history in the capitals of the *departamentos*.

A praiseworthy undertaking is this of reconstructing our past, without fables and without exaggerations. The lessons supplied by documents forgotten in the archives renew and strengthen our love for the patria and they indicate the direction which the nation ought to follow. We have not yet reached the formation of an historical monument that comprises even all our life as an independent people; but the effort of our patient and erudite investigators has already created a series of extremely valuable monographs, the basis of future works, in which the task of synthesis will be accomplished.

He who has unearthed the greatest number of secrets from the documents of our neglected archives is Raimundo Rivas.

He is the most notable of the young historiographers. He has published many papers of great value and he has not limited himself to compiling, but he has studied the documents with a critical eye, and he has been guided by the modern conception of history, which he outlined before the academy on the occasion of the reception given to don José M. Restrepo Sáenz. His historical work will endure. We have only to deplore that it has not been given to the public in well arranged volumes and that it lies scattered, because of the enormous difficulties we encounter here in publishing a book of any kind.

Fabio Lozano y Lozano has published a good work upon Bolívar's teacher, don Simón Rodríguez, and to a number of organs of publicity he has contributed writings of merit, such as those upon don Jorge Tadeo Lozano and don Vicente Azuero. Worthy to be mentioned also are Alberto Carvajal and Tulio E. Tascón, young men of the Cauca valley. To the first of these we owe an excellent biography of the patriot forefather Cayzedo y Cuero, and to the second, several books upon General Cabal, one of the most attractive figures of our independence, and upon General Murgueitio. Carvajal is, besides, a notable man of letters and an inspired poet. Tascón shines in the forum and he has distinguished himself as a parliamentarian.

Few among the young men can compete with Ismael López (*Cornelio Hispano*), the historiographer, poet and writer of admirable prose. To him is due the publication of the famous *Diario de Bucaramanga*, of Peru de Lacroix, a book that has humanized the figure of the Liberator, while filling the Bolivian fanatics with rage; and from his pen have emanated both harmonious verses and exquisite accounts of travel, as well as many of the best historical studies contained in this branch of our literature. As an oddity, whose fundamental cause is perhaps to be sought in some play of base passion, *Cornelio Hispano* has not been invited to membership in the Academia de Historia, but, to tell the truth, he little needs this consecration, since he has received a more flattering one: that of unanimous public opinion.

# THE PROLETARIAT ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

AGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ

At a moment when values are changing, societies are being reorganized, states redistributed and the old order seems to be passing, to make way for none knows what, it may be well to study the social conditions that characterized the southern countries on the eve of the revolution that began with political separation from the mother-country and extended through a number of decades, varying according to the country much of which was to develop a national consciousness and sense of obligation, and civic and economic development and adjustment. The author from whom this selection was taken, "the Emerson of Argentina," found the heart of the difficulty in the fact that "the proletarian was surprised by the revolution headed by the proprietors who had been excluded from the honors and advantages of power, and which he could not explain to himself as a change of political condition, but as a change of social condition, because he never felt the need to govern, and he had always been urged by the need to live . . . and the disappointment of the proletarian, who had acquired in the revolution the consciousness of his worth and power, caused us an additional thirty years of civil war."—THE EDITOR.

'Tis only by thought that labor can be made happy and 'tis only by labor that thought can be made healthy.—*Ruskin*.

THE two great calamities of the colonial period were contempt for work, considered as a punishment imposed by sin, and fear of knowledge, regarded as a risk for the salvation of the soul. Upon these two premises, some consume in an inverse proportion to what they produce, while others produce in an inverse proportion to what they consume, and society is composed of laborers brutalized by want and ingenious idlers luxuriating in a hot-house of comfort.

The laws of the Indies disqualified commerce and prohibited industry in the New World, and human intelligence, thus withdrawn from these fields of application, devoted itself to the service of God and the king, by reason of which and for want of a leader, the arm of the laborer was powerless.

Imbecility is the product of human intelligence that is paid for most dearly, and it was paid for immediately by the subject Indians with their life, and next, by the negroes, and later, by the creoles with their misery, and finally by the mother-country herself, brought low by taking a low view of what elevates governments and nations: intelligence and effort applied to the invention of tools and the production of utilities.

The idea that a man is a man is the creation of the modern philosophy which, during the last century, has caused humanity to move, in its more advanced sections, from slavery to workmen's pensions. According to all the medieval religions, man was an animal, if he did not fight in the same ranks, and worse than an animal, that is, a heretic, if he fought in the opposing ones.

In the opinion of the well-to-do man, the desired ideal for the rest of the species was a combination of the barnyard fowl and the beast of burden; the person prevented from prospering by ignorance and social iniquities and capable of serving others by civil discipline and religious resignation—and even to-day the everlasting topic of conversation for women with empty heads—was doomed to service, the situation going from bad to worse, in respect of its cardinal obligations, consisting in being plentiful, working much, earning little and enduring everything.

By always viewing the qualities of others in the light of our own interests, we attain at once to the ingenuous wickedness of the boy hunter who complained that "the quails were becoming more and more shy and would no longer let themselves to be killed," and not different, certainly, from that of a very religious professor who raised a cry to heaven because he has had to pay to the *peones* of his vineyard, a *peso* for eight hours of work at present,



when formerly he paid them half a *peso* for sixteen hours, while considering the increase in the price of grapes very just, because it meant money for him, and the increase in the cost of the *peón* very unjust, because it was taken out of his pocket.

This is how Christianity, which began by being the religion of the humble, changed into the religion of the powerful, when the pastor turned into a potentate and could no longer perceive the needs of the ruled, except as they touched the interests of the rulers.

According to the theory of colonial morality, man was born to suffer in this world and to reap his reward in the next. Therefore the frightful cruelty of the tutelary régime, springing from natural instincts, had obtained religious sanction, and it could not now be diminished, but rather aggravated by the pastor of souls, who under the lash extracted from the hunger of the Indians the ecclesiastical tributes, and under the lash drove them to mass and the rosary: the degradation of man for the glorification of God.

By placing a premium upon suffering, faith had destroyed all the humanitarian motives that might have induced the powerful to abolish or diminish it on the part of the weak, since it was a means of redemption adopted, practised and recommended as the thing "most acceptable to God" by those who knew how to unite for themselves the joys of the table with the delights of the "*dolce far niente*" in expectation of eternal glory. The misery of others had preassured a compensation so sufficient as to discourage all feeling of commiseration, and thus the characteristics of the colonial life were cruelty and charity, growing out of the same egotism; because the unhappy were the "blessed" of the sermon on the mount, and alms was not given from a sentiment of compassion, but from a sentiment of fear for its omission and of interest in its bestowal, inasmuch as the disinherited of this world would be the ruling classes of the next.

As a consequence, pious donations were made to those who died in the odor of sanctity, rather than to those who lived in need and who were led to solicit them in the name of the former, which gave rise

to the traditional mendicant of chivalry with his saint of fired pottery in his hand, who went the rounds from house to house, causing all the inmates to kiss it, and thus spreading the diseases contracted through the mouth.

This was not "the evil and the remedy," nor yet the palliative, since the palliative is work well paid and not shameful, and the remedy is education and the dignification of work, both of which were completely lacking, and of which no one thought, since all had their thoughts fixed on heaven and hell.

On the contrary, work, which in medieval Europe was simply humiliating, descended a few degrees lower and became shameful in Spanish America, because it was abandoned to the Indians and negroes, the plebeians who came from the peninsula hastening to buy a wig and a sword in order to play the *hidalgo* and live by expedients more or less iniquitous.

"In the north," says de Tocqueville, "the poor have found the means of earning a living without dishonor." In the south, they could not earn it except at the price of their social degradation and their physical exhaustion. These psychical antecedents, with which history does not concern itself, were of more importance than all the political and military events with which it is filled. Bad rulers themselves amount to little when the mass of the population possesses the means of prospering unaided, and little enough can good rulers accomplish when the mass is without them. The England of "self-help," as Macaulay says, attained her greatest prosperity under the most imbecile of kings; but in the Spain of the tutelary régime, all came to naught, because the underlying imbecility of the social organization was doubled by the overlying imbecility of the monarchs.

The forced and unpaid work of the Indian and the negro degraded that of the freeman and reduced his remuneration to such terms that he was not tempted by the hope of gain, but by the sole need to live, at the impulse of the instinct of self-preservation and the disguised degradation and slavery of the rest, forced by the law to live huddled together and by hunger to work like beasts from sunrise until

sunset for the price of subsistence and a few rags.

In the Indian and the negro, employers learned to despise and to exploit the white laborer as a work animal. "No difference whatever was made between a negro and an animal," says Romero. "He was a beast of burden of which the owner could dispose at any moment, as he could of a mule." In the first newspapers, advertisements of the following tenor were frequent:

FOR SALE.—If any one wishes to buy a maidservant with child, to give birth within ten days, a full blooded negress, broken to work, let him go to the street of Bodegones, the first house, where there was a café. Above, on the second floor, lives her mistress, in the second room back.—*Diario de Lima*, May 16, 1792.

In a newspaper of Buenos Aires:

FOR SALE.—A maidservant, sound and without vices, for the sum of three hundred pesos. Information given in this office.

FOR SALE.—A mulatto maidservant, sound, without vices, has had her first child, can serve as wet-nurse for four months. Information given at the Casa de Expósitos.<sup>1</sup>

With the understanding that some were born to serve and others to be served by providential predestination, the monasteries of the friars bought and sold slaves and prospered by their work. It was humiliating to serve the small and it was honorable to serve the great, so that the servants of God and of the king were in the highest rank of society, and nurses of the sick and of children were in the lowest. According to this plan, a person was nobody among the great and somebody among the humble; and as the heavier burden and the worst treatment fell naturally on the weakest, women and children were those who were treated worst among their respective social class. The education of the children of even the wealthy classes was almost invariably accomplished by the use of the whip, even in the conventual schools, where the aphorism "spare the rod and spoil the child" held sway.

In the perpetual uncertainty over bread

for the next day and under an organization of labor that wore out the natural energies of the poor, even to daily exhaustion, upon superfluities for the rich, the life of the proletarian was a series of penalties, to which superstition had added the chronic terror of hell and the devil, he being thus impelled by the hardship and sadness of his existence momentarily to drown his sorrows in the joys of drink, in order to obtain something like a respite, and the dominical drunkenness was the only periodical vacation of that monotonous and burdensome existence without a plan, without pleasures and without an outlook, and thus the cause of new and greater miseries.

The drunkenness of the poor man was punished by forced labor in the streets, which destroyed the last vestiges of human dignity, and all without any useful result, because only that is abolished which is replaced, and the moral employers then proposed the reduction of wages to an amount equivalent to mere existence, to the end that the excess might not be spent on drink, an emendation without rime or reason, because, as drink had become a more imperative need than any other, the poor abstained from food rather than from the vice.

Toiling for others and not for themselves to an exhausting degree, the Indian and the negro were forced to labor under the lash like beasts. Degraded by this labor and deprived of the incentive of gain, the white man in want works to keep from dying of hunger, and when he is able to keep from dying without working, he does not work. Thus from the disagreeableness of labor came the idleness and laziness which Unamuno attributes to "the gratefulness of the sun," and which survive the cause that produced them as sons do their fathers.

When the standard of living and the national ability are raised by means of public education and railways; when work is more highly esteemed, less burdensome and better paid, the idle son of the hot climate begins to become laborious and progressive upon his own soil, like the immigrant who takes a new start with the improvement of his surroundings, because

<sup>1</sup>Brenard Moses: *South America on the Eve of the Emancipation*.



no one likes what is evil and all like what is good.

If Darwin should again cross the province of Buenos Aires, it is probable that he would not now find that crowd of idle gauchos in the *pulpería*<sup>2</sup> who told him they did not work because the hours were very long and the wages very short: from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, for five or six pesos a month, to the men, and from two to three, to the women. If it was Sunday, he could no longer find them around a bottle of gin, but before a phonograph; and nothing would surprise him so much as to know that in the harvest season they are accustomed to earning in ten hours what a century ago they earned in two hundred hours of labor.

When there is no justice for the poor man, the poor man can not cease to be poor, and it is useless to earn more than he consumes, because he will be despoiled of what is left by one means or another. The legal affairs of the friendless were entirely in the hands of pettifoggers, and the mayor, the constable and the magistrate have never succeeded in doing justice to the poor as against the rich.

Social consideration was only granted to public functionaries and to proprietors who could benefit by the labor of others, and the land was only bestowed upon hidalgos with friends at court. Ambitious proletarians who could not obtain such nor bring themselves to remain perpetual employees under a master, went to settle in the waste lands, facing the dangers of neighboring it with savages. When once these dangers were overcome, they were despoiled, according to Mr. Moses, by a shrewd concessionary.

The condition of the renter was no better. A commissioner of the government describes him thus:

He measures his labors by results that merely enable him to pay his annual contribution, with a poor and very scarce subsistence for his family, which is perhaps naked, without social life, not going out because of their extreme nakedness.<sup>3</sup>

*Proletarian* means to generate *prole*,<sup>4</sup> because sons are the poor man's capital, the only beings from whom he can expect help when his strength fails him and his last employer discharges him as useless. So that, under the conditions of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the proletarian could only better his individual condition by making that of his social class worse, when he increased the number of those who drew upon the labor supply:

Nothing is more common than to see the very laborers who have raised an abundant crop of wheat begging at the same place a piece of bread, which is just where it is sold at an extremely low price. The solution of this enigma is found by superficial observers in the indolence that some attribute to plenty and others to the climate. I myself, however, have seen robust laborers offering their services for high priced merchandise or begging from house to house for the work that was refused them; and in order not to send them away, I have offered a silver *real* to the adults and half a *real* to the children for a day's work.<sup>5</sup>

"The proletarian," says J. A. García in *La ciudad indiana*, "leads a miserable life, in the most wretched huts built upon waste lands, a simple squatter upon the vacant lots of the city where he sets up his shanty. He eats the butcher's leavings or the alms of the great house. He has not the least idea of any possible social betterment. According to his view, his situation is final, like that of his companions in misery, the Indians and the negroes. Work is useless, and he resigns himself, aided by his hereditary temperament," a term that was applied to the effect produced by the traditional education, which taught both the oppressors and the oppressed that the world is as it is because God wills and has made it thus, and that he is angry with those who rebel against his will and sends upon them terrible punishments, over and above those imposed by the king.

Under these circumstances and in this mental state, the proletarian was surprised by the revolution headed by the proprietors

<sup>2</sup>A general provision and grocer's shop: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 314, note—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>J. A. García: *Ciencias sociales*.

<sup>4</sup>The Spanish for offspring.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Salus: quoted by Barros Arana in his *Historia general de Chile*.

who had been excluded from the honors and advantages of power, and which he could not explain to himself as a change of political condition, but as a change of social condition, because he had never felt the need to govern, and he had always been urged by the need to live. Under this illusion, he supplied the mass, the troops, that is, the force with which the war of independence was carried on, and which was for the plebeians what the English invasions had been for the patricians: the hour for action, for showing themselves, for measuring themselves in the same arena

with the best: it was the burst of dawn after a medieval night.

They bathed together in glory, but the patrician knew how to retain his advantages of birth and to reserve for himself exclusively the power of snatching from the twain the secular despotism. The patriot proprietor was, above all, an employer interested in having cheap, plentiful and submissive labor, and the disappointment of the proletarian, who had acquired in the revolution the conscientiousness of his worth and power, caused us an additional thirty years of civil war.





# SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE AS JUDGED BY A SPANISH WRITER

BY

ALBERTO INSÚA

In response to a request by a group of Argentine publishers, the author, a well known Cuban novelist, long resident in Europe, gives his opinion upon Spanish-American writers and literature. He recognizes the existence of such shortcomings as are due to the historical background and present surroundings, he points out many excellences and he is hopeful of a bright future for Hispano-American letters.—THE EDITOR.

WE PUBLISH below a new reply received to our inquiry, begun in an earlier number among the most illustrious Spanish writers, regarding Spanish-American literature.

As our readers will recall, the questions formulated were as follows:<sup>1</sup>

1. Are you acquainted with the work of the earlier writers of America: Olmedo, Bello, Sarmiento, Montalvo, Hostos, Andrade, Hernández, for example? What opinion have you formed as to its value?

2. Are you interested by preference in the Spanish-American literature of the day? Who, according to your judgment, are the best American writers of the present hour?

3. Do you believe that, as a whole, American literature has expressed the new continent?

4. What, in your opinion, are the most evident defects of Spanish-American literature?

A well known novelist, Alberto Insúa, replies in this number. He says:

THE REPLY OF ALBERTO INSÚA

*Paris, November, 1918.*

"I should like to answer in detail the questionnaire of *Nosotros* regarding 'the culture of Spanish America.' It is impossible for me to do so. The interrogatory that was signed by Bianchi, Giusti and Noé<sup>2</sup> reached me in Paris at a moment

<sup>1</sup>See, in the preceding number of *Nosotros*, the bases of the questionnaire, the list of writers consulted and the extensive replies of Julio Cejador, Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín, Quintiliano Saldaña, Emilio Bodilla (*Fray Cándido*) and Salvador Rueda.

<sup>2</sup>The publishers of *Nosotros*.—THE EDITOR.

of great collective emotion, of indescribable ideological activity, at that unfathomable moment in which we were passing from war to peace and in which the last feudal castles of Europe were falling to the ground.

"From 1914, suspending my labors upon the novel and the theater, I gave myself up, body and soul, to living and studying the war. Since then, I have been in France, now in Paris, now at the front, now at the rear, observing, noting, instructing myself in this great school of heroism and civism that France has been since August 1914. I write only articles, articles, and articles as one might work a machine-gun.

"Instead of placing *au dessus de la mêlée* and of considering the war with the impassivity of an esthete, I have followed and felt it from sentimental and humanitarian impulses. The great Verhaeren, the lamented master, once said to me:

*Vous prenez la guerre comme un combattant.*

"Exactly. Behold then, why it is not possible for me to reply to the questionnaire of *Nosotros* with the mental repose and abundant and select documentation that so noble and vital a subject demands. A Cuban, recreated in Spain, a Spanish-American and a Spaniard at the same time, I see in all Latin America my spirit's patria. I am not satisfied—I declare it with sad sincerity—with contemporary Spain, and I place all my hope in the transatlantic Spains: all my hope—be it well understood!—in the Hispano-American solidarity that renews the Hispanic tree.

"For Spain needs the support, the heat and the kindly and orientating regard of

her sons in America. All commerce of ideas between the ancient mother-country and her colonial descendants will find in me an active and enthusiastic propagandist. Nothing causes me more pain than the attitude of the Pfo Baroja toward Spanish culture. Baroja is one of those Basques hardened against the Latin race. His imperviousness has made him an enemy of France, of Italy and of Hispano America and an admirer of *strong Germany*, which Latin inspiration and Anglo-Saxon tenacity have just overthrown. Another Basque—Miguel de Unamuno—feels for the America of Spanish origin all the affection and devotion that every universal and comprehensive spirit must cherish for her. Baroja's *boutades* must not be taken into consideration. This is what we do in Spain, where Baroja is not taken seriously, except when he devotes his talent to truly artistic work.

"Returning to the questionnaire of *Nosotros*: here you have what I am able to reply to the first question:

"I know in a very fragmentary and incomplete manner the early writers of America. I have read Sarmiento, Andrade, Mitre, Hernández, Martí, José María Gutiérrez, Olmedo, Bello. My judgment as to their value is respectful. As I see it, Sarmiento was a great writer and a great statesman. Andrade was a poet of vigorous quality. The *Martín Fierro* of Hernández is the song of the Argentine soil. With plenty of time and the renewal of my readings, it would be possible to speak at length upon the founders of Hispano America's intellectuality. The work of precursors has always been arduous and unequal. Poets and grammarians, men of letters, pure or with political, pedagogical or historical tendencies, the first writers of our America have lacked the repose that is conferred by thoroughly constituted nationalities and the spiritual background of the past. While their countries were being established politically, in the pain and tumult of the wars of independence and of the civil struggles, those men sowed the seed of Spanish-American culture, to-day in full fruitage.

"To the second question I reply:

"I am intensely interested in the Spanish-American literature of the present.

The books of my eminent and lamented friend Rodó appear among the hundred of my preference. 'My poets' are, in the main, Spanish-American. Darío—whom I knew and liked much—and Amado Nervo—for whom I cherish a fraternal regard—are those who speak most deeply to my heart. They and Antonio Machado would be sufficient for me in the hours in which my soul needs a poet, if my literary curiosity did not make me read all of them, although their vision of the world is remote from mine. One does not always seek in a poet seduction or consolation. At times one seeks in him an enemy, a rival, a spiritual antipode. I think I know all the poets of the America of Spanish speech. Leopoldo Lugones inspires in me a very high consideration. I shall not say which, in my judgment, are "the best Spanish-American writers of the present," because I am incapable of making such a definition. I can say—leaving to the reader the trouble of remembering the nationality of each of them—that I frequent and admire the pages of Enrique José Varona, Ricardo Rojas, José de Armas—the great Cervantophile—Vargas Vila, *Almafuerte*, Blanco Fombona, Ingenieros, Ugarte, Ghirardo, Jorge Huneus, Manuel Gálvez, F. and V. García Calderón, the lamented Jesús Castellanos, the brothers Henríquez-Ureña, José P. Otero—whose recent course of lectures in the Sorbonne puts me in the way of knowing 'Argentine civilization' profoundly—and Hernández-Cata, of that pleiad which collaborates with *Nosotros*. I can say that I am acquainted with the dramatic efforts of Florencio Sánchez and the excellent comedies of García Velloso. What I can not do is to pause before the work of each of these writers or remember all the others of the Spanish-American world that seem to me worth while. Let it be borne in mind that from August, 1914, I have read nothing but newspapers, magazines and books on the war, and of the fifty-one months it has lasted, I have hardly passed four or five in Madrid, where my library and home are, and where are never lacking Spanish-American artists and writers, who bring to the circles and gatherings of Madrid the latest palpitations of the transatlantic Spains.



"The third interrogation of the questionaire of *Nosotros* is couched somewhat vaguely. The terms "American literature" and "new continent" would permit one to bring together in his reply the names of Edgar Poe, Rodó, Walt Whitman and Rubén Darío. A parallel between the America of Latin sap and that of Anglo-Saxon blood: that, from the literary point of view, would certainly be tempting; but the inquirers of *Nosotros* doubtless meant to refer to the middle and the southern part of the continent, populated by Latins of Spanish origin. The question being thus conditioned, I answer that it seems to me that Spanish-American literature has not yet reflected all the lights and splendors of the continental soil. Some Hispano-American poets—Andrade, Hernández, Zorrilla de San Martín, Guido y Spano—have begun the poem of Spanish America. With Rubén Darío, Lugones, Nervo, Santos Chocano, etc., Spanish America has become impregnated with European modernity, with the lyric perfumes of France and the wholesome aromas of Castilla, without losing the smells of the native land. From that period of confusion or rather of transubstantiation between the young muses of America and those of Europe laden with knowledge and experience, there must appear, in due season, the fruit of Spanish-American poetry. Hispano America has already given us the divine Rubén, it is true; but Rubén was an errant singer (I had the honor to revise the proofs of his *Canto errante*), and Spanish America needs a bard who will become rooted in that soil like a tree, one that will contemplate it with each of its leaves and sing it with each of its branches. This continental poet has not yet risen. Perhaps he may not arise. The America of Columbus: would it not be too great for a Victor Hugo?

"Novelists are lacking in our America. Yes; I know . . . I do not forget any name, nor any attempt, but where is there an Argentine, Chilean or American Balzac or Galdós? There is not yet one, because the novel needs a public, the heat of comprehension, *readers*. Our America is so young that she is more interested still in

the external than in the internal. She is full of exotic curiosities.

"A novel 'that passes' in the pampa, on the Andine heights, in the Cuban jungle, in Rosario or Pernambuco, in La Paz or Camagüey, would seduce but a few dozen Spanish-Americans. The generality desire only novels from Paris.

"Alas, the Paris of my affections, the Paris of Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, France, Bourget, Prevost, Charles Louis Philippe: how squeezed out, how repeated thou art! From America, from our America, must come forth also a new novel. When will it come? I know not. The continent—according to the phrase of *Nosotros*—will not 'have been expressed' by its literature until there shall spring up in it several schools of novelists. These schools are born; I am not unaware of it. No one waits with more anxiety than I the products of their gestation. Would that destiny might make of me a novelist of our America! Hitherto I have only been able to speak of Spain and France, of Madrid and Paris; and I was born in an American land that is a emporium of graces, lights, colors, passion. Believe me, brother novelists of America, the best novel is that of the native land. Exoticism, Europeanism, can be pardoned in one who, like myself, is transplanted. I was thirteen years old when I left Cuba, to which I have not yet returned, and for which I suffer an incurable homesickness.

"The most evident defects of Spanish-American literature? I do not know; I do not see them. I am wont to become enamored of many things because of what they possess—the irregular, the defective, the excessive. I am not an academic. Grammar does not seem to me to be a rigid and glacial deity, but a statue in a state of constant plasticity, to which every dexterous and inspired hand may impart a new rhythm or add a seduction. I say this because—to academize a little—the most visible defect of Spanish-American literature is its rebellion or its forgetfulness in the presence of the pragmatics of our language. There are pure verbalists and even purists in our America, but what most abounds is the writer who expresses himself in a prose overloaded with national

modisms, teeming with Galicisms and Italianisms, and with a syntax—heterodox to say the least. In some, every license is a felicity. In the larger number, there is no license, but only ignorance. This last comes from the fact that literary selection in Spanish America is more lax than in the ancient mother-country. Graphomania is a natural epidemic among young peoples. This *literary furor* will pass. Time, with its close-meshed sieve will make selection; but it would be well if the conscientious pens of America would seek to facilitate time's labor.

"All that belongs to the realm of popular literature, all that forms a part of the Spanish-American *folk-lore*, is plausible. All that indicates a disregard of Castilian grammar merits condemnation. I insist that grammar is in perpetual evolution, that it is essentially plastic, but it must be known in order that it may be modified. Rubén Darío knew it perfectly, and therefore he could permit himself to indulge in repeated acts of confidence with it. Nothing would pain me so much as to be mistaken for a Valbuena or a Caseres. The discreet reader will know what I mean to say.

"To sum up: the defects of Spanish-American literature are its exaggerated exoticism and its grammatical disequilibrium. Yet how far are they defects? To what extent are not they both the natural stages

of that evolution which leads Spanish America from youth to maturity, from apprenticeship to mastery. Spanish-Americans read much and they travel much. As between their exoticism and the neo-classicism, or rather, the *misoneism* of certain Spanish schools, the former is a thousand times to be preferred. I say yet more: this exoticism is necessary; it is America's spiritual importation in order to constitute her art and her literature.

"The question of language is more serious. Is there to be maintained in all Spanish America, from México to cape Horn, a literary canon, a Castilian lexicon, that shall evolve in harmony with that of the mother-country, or is it to be accepted that in each Columbian Spain there shall be formed a 'variant' of the maternal language. A volume would not hold a reply. I am a partisan of unity. A uniform language for the expression of thought and the lofty artistic emotions might be the unanimous soul of the Spains of both sides of the seas; and this too without the existence of a hegemony, without the law's being dictated in the academies of Madrid. From time to time, the great prose writers and poets of Spain and Spanish America could communicate to each other their disquietudes and their inspirations, and thus they would contribute to the development and the splendor of the inheritance of Fray Luis and Cervantes."





# THEODORE ROOSEVELT

## EDITORIAL

FOR our South American politicians, usually flaccid and inert in action, Roosevelt, the great statesman who has vanished, is one of the loftiest examples. For his fellow-countrymen, fashioned all in the same forge of energy, he was the living incarnation of the national longings. An enviable nation that, which, arrived at maturity in the plenitude of youth, can inscribe in her book of gold, and almost following the name of Washington, names of so much significance in contemporary history as that of Roosevelt, the object of universal admiration, and that of the other glory of democracy, Wilson, who, although alive and active, has none the less won his place in the scale of immortality.

The finest thing about the energy, the will, the talent and the heart of Roosevelt was the synchronism of his qualities with the eminent qualities of his compatriots. He was not great because ahead of his time and his environment, as has occurred with the melancholy figures of our leaders; but because he incarnated and synthesized in himself the best of his moral environ-

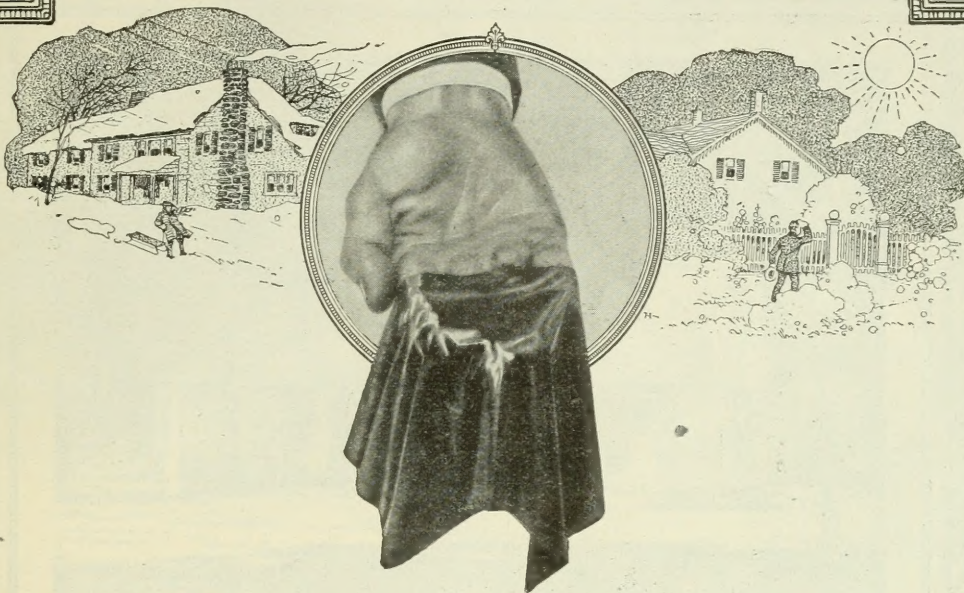
ment, always carrying himself in his public conduct as a perfect citizen.

His enemies might accuse him of exaggeration and noisiness. His surprising books, his hunting of hippopotamuses, his original and audacious political orations, were in reality achieved by bourgeois practices. He was too nervous and agile to realize the ideal of the Prudhommes who still wander about loose in the world, moth-eaten and hidden people, for whom even our Sarmiento was a "madman," and for whom alone are illustrious and wise, by right of "the hand of iron," those who are the imitators of Rosas.

The day on which our people shall have the good fortune to see upon our tribunes and stages of public action many such "madmen"—and may it come soon—we shall be truly in the concert of civilized nations.

To the political education of those men, consecrated to the task of promoting the genuine welfare of the country, without vain declarations, the example and work of the eminent patriot, whose death all America mourns to-day, will not have made a small contribution.





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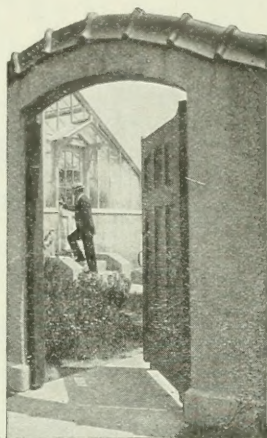
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